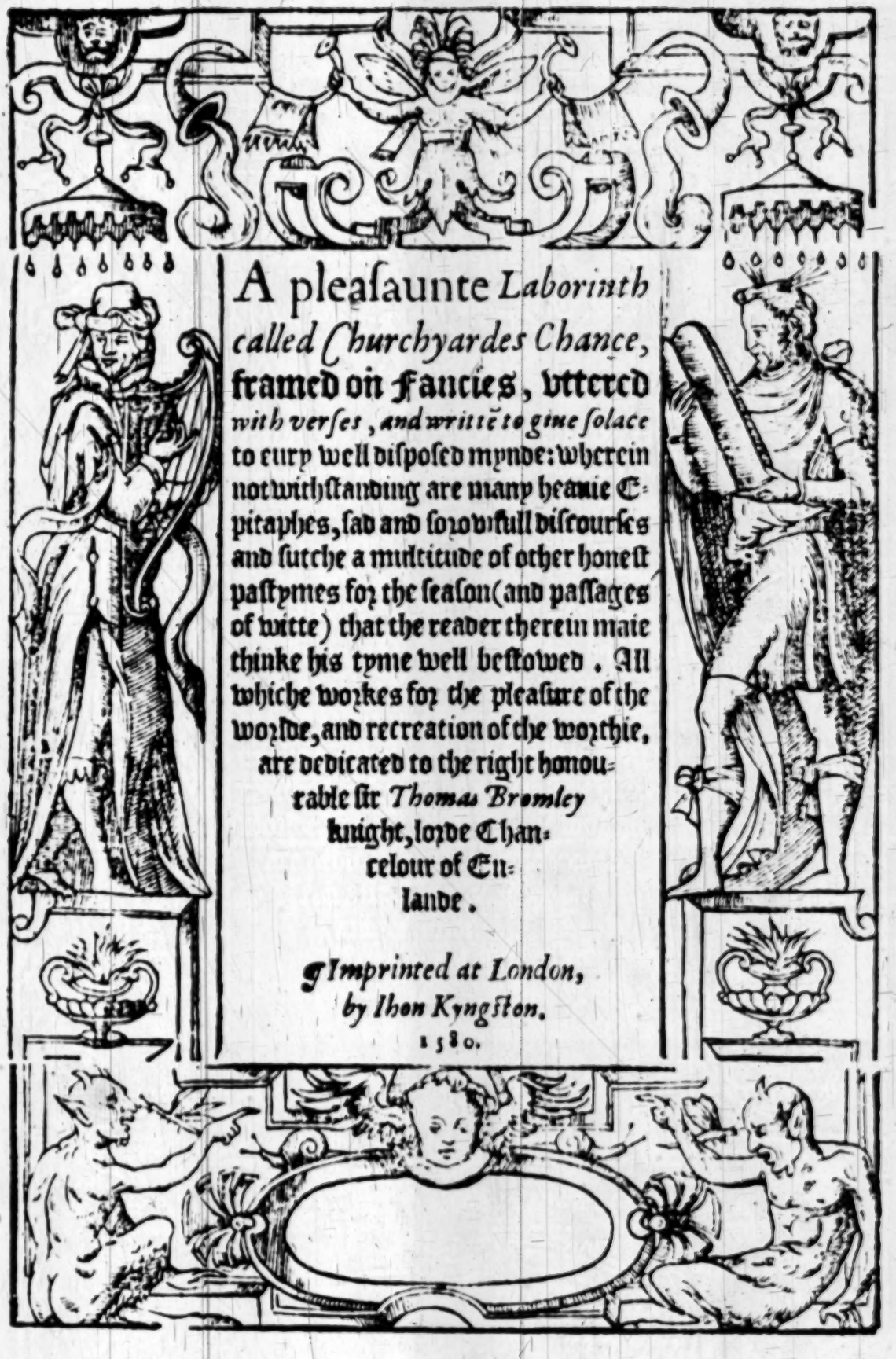

A pleaſaunte *Laborinth called Churchyardes Chance*, framed on Fancies, vttered *with verſes, and writtē to giue ſolace* to eury well diſpoſed mynde: wherein notwithſtanding are many heauie Epitaphes, ſad and ſorowfull diſcourſes and ſutche a multitude of other honeſt paſtymes for the ſeaſon (and paſſages of witte) that the reader therein maie thinke his tyme well beſtowed. All whiche worxes for the pleaſure of the worlde, and recreation of the worthie, are dedicated to the right honourable ſir *Thomas Bromley* knight, lorde Chancelour of Enlande.

¶ *Imprinted at London, by Ihon Kyngſton.*

1580.

Churchiards
Armes.
EN·DIEV·
ET·MON
ROY:

¶ To the right honourable Sir Thomas Bromley Knight, Lorde Chauncellour of Englande, one of the Quenes Maiesties priuie Councell,

Thomas Churchyarde wisheth greate blessednesse of life, continuance of vertue, and perfite felicitie.

AS custome and continuaunce of tyme, bredes a lawe in Nature, and cõuertes mannes mynde to many a laudable exercise, so moste honourable, the good will of men is neuer vnoccupied, if either honest labour, or stdious diligence, maie please those greate personages, that affection and duetie commaundes vs to honor. And as it hath bin (through tyme out of mynde) an auncient maner in the beginnyng of a newe yere, to present vnto freendes (and sutche as we beste fauour) some signe of freendshipp by waie of newe yeres giftes: so I trust the maner so mutche commended emong the wise, and so long vsed with all sortes of people, (for the purchasyng of good liking) shall excuse my ouer greate boldnesse, and make my simple gifte accepted. For as I vnderstande, and my betters farre haue reported, it is not the valewe of the presentes, nor the ritchnesse

of the Iewels that makes our giftes welcome, and bringes the giuer in the good opinio of the worthies in this worlde: but it is the vertuous intent of the minde, that maketh free passage to that whiche is presented, and causeth as well little trifles to bee estemed, as greate treasure to bee made of. If otherwise the worthinesse of thynges were to be iudged, my triflyng booke might blushe in my behalfe: and the vaine verses therein would rather argue my disgrace, then further my good fame. And therefore my good Lorde, since euery mans gift is receiued & waied, accordyng to the good will of the giuer: I haue this present new yeres daie, presented vnto your good Lordshipp good Chaunce, and so with this good Chaunce salutyng your honor, (with all seruisable dueties,) I honor your Lordshipps vertues, & procede to the purpose of my matter. The people of this worlde (whose sondrie wittes and iudgementes, lookes deepely into the deuises of the writers in our age) if thei would straitly and narrowly beholde, how busie I haue bin in settyng out bookes (and printyng of pamfletts) might paraduenture make a wonder of my wearisome woorkes, for that many woordes hath bin spent to little profite, either of my Countrey, or commoditie to my self, because my small learnyng and capacitie, could neuer reche to any greate knowledge, nor searche out the ground of any profounde seeret or science. But

now

how ſo euer my woorkes maie bee conſtrued, my penne hath kept me from ſlothe and Idelneſſe, and little hath bin loſte by my ſtudie and labors. For freendes and fauourars hath bin gotten through diligence: and tyme hath bin entertained in muche contentation of minde. And though it was my Chaunce to light on a pleaſant diſpoſition in making of verſes: (whē others happened by Fortunes election on a multitude of benifites,) yet bleſſed is the Chaunce that breedeth merrie thoughtes, and vnlodes the harte and hedde of a nomber of heauie cogitations. For though ſmall abilitie & ſimple callyng, bryngeth no greate reputation and credite: yet it ſitteth free from the bitter blaſte of Fortunes tempeſtes. When the mindes of the mightie are ſhocked, and ſhaken with the blufteryng ſtormes of worldes vnſtableneſſe. And though my Chaunce was to trauaill abroade to ſeeke after Fortune, whiles others at home found themſelues happie: yet beyng ſo ſmally preferred by Chaunce euery where, I am neither troubled with her mutabilitie, nor driuen to giue her thankes, for any good tourne ſhe hath doen me. And yet my Chaunce is indifferent, that bothe in warres and peace (poſſeſſyng my little portion) I haue ſeen thouſandes depart from this worlde, and ſodainly taken from their abondance. My chance is to be in court well knowen, and mutche made of, though ſmally conſidered or aduaunced. My

Chaunce is to liue awhile and write Epitaphes, Sonets and ſedules on many a worthie perſonage: whiles my life and footeſteps, drawes the bodie to his long home, and leades the reſtleſſe daies to the quiet graue. And ſo as Chance hath fallen out, and alotted me by a bond of cauſes (through the originall & ground of all goodneſſe) the pleaſure of penne and the pain of ſtudie, euen ſo in like maner I gladly plaie out my part on the ſtage in this toileſome, and tragicall pilgrimage, where nothyng eaſeth our labours ſo mutche, as the ſweete contentatiō of minde. But to what purpoſe trouble I your honourable iudgement and grauitie, with the reherſall of trifles, or why doeth raſheneſſe in ſo bolde a maner, dedicate ſutche a woorke (ſcarce worthie the looking on) to ſutche a worthie Magiſtrate, whoſe wiſedome maie diſdaine the reading of ſo ſimple a diſcourſe. The trothe is my right good Lorde, this preſent is offered as a peece of a meane, to paſſe awaie the tyme, amid great affaires, and weightie cauſes, whiche with light matters findes recreation, & by the inuention of pretie deuiſed ſportes: the ſtudie and care of common weale, ſeemeth leſſe tedius and troubleſome. For the minde wearied with ouer long labours, and ſadde motions of the ſpirite (that through continuaunce, maie dull the ſenſes) is ſharpened and made better at commaundement, when chaunge of paſtymes, with ſome pleaſaunt exercises

ciſes hath eaſed the bodie, and refreſhed the memorie: My verſes God wot, are voide of ſutche deuine vertue. And I wantyng the grate of Mercurie, or Pipe of Appollo, preſumeth to ſurre to pleaſe the eares of Minerua, with the raſhe ſounde of ruſticall Muſicke. But though the harmonie be not ſo ſweete and delicate, as is to be wiſhed, the deſire to doe well, is the inſtrument onely, that maie bryng ſuche delite, whiche maie for euer purchace good acceptation. And for that to the art of Muſicke and harmonie, belongeth ſeuerall ſortes of partes, to make good concordance, I haue tuned all my notes and ſonges worthie the hearyng, into one kind of voice and order. Meanyng that where many a peece of deſcant is to bee ſeen (and ſome iarres maie happen by miſliking of diſcordes) yet a nomber of partes ſoundyng together, maie couer the faultes and imperfectiõs of an ignorant Muſition. And becauſe in the ſweete ſoile of Salop (in whiche parties your Lordſhippe was nouriſhed) whiche ſeate I honour of nature, and toke ſome ſauor and taſte of Science in, the gladder are my muſes to reuerence with verſes, a ſpeciall ſparke and ſpectacle of the countrey I was borne in, either with Muſicall melodie, or Poeticall paſtymes and paſſages, delated for pleaſure and delite, and dedicated where I deſire my duetifull good will maie be embraced. The matters I treate of, are written of ſutche ſondrie humours

mours and ſubiectes, that thei are more to be redd for the varietie of woordes, then for the goodneſſe of the verſes: and the cauſe why and wherefore I dedicate ſutche a matter to your Lordſhip, is for that I would be ſorie that my daies and yeres ſhould bee ſpent, with the loſſe of tyme, and that my labour and ſtudie well ment, ſhould be forgotten and caſte in a corner, for wāt of the printing. The ſtrange motions and maner of the writyng ſhowes nothyng but the nature of mans fanſies, that neuer continueth in one kinds of conſait. The occaſions of ſo many ſeuerall diſcourſes, roſe but on the immunerable deuiſes of the hed, that euer in one pointe or other, by imagination is occupied. And the whole ſomme and ſubſtance of that whiche is written, is but to publiſh to the worlde, that it is better to be meanely exerciſed in honeſt paſtymes, then baſely bent and giuen to barraine ſlothe and Idelneſſe. Thus truſtyng your good Lordſhip will take in good part, a part of the portion that from the heauens is giuen me: I preſente vnto your handes this newe yere, ſome of mine old labors & ſtudies, Printed al bound in one newe volume, for ſutche as pleaſes to buye them. And ſo as beſte becommeth me (and duetie commaundes) I remaine a well willer to your honour duryng my life, moſte willyngly at commaundemente.

Thomas Churchyard.

My Ladie of Lennoyes
graces Epitaphe.

OU noble dames of greateſt birth,
whoſe fame to clouds would flye.
On this cold coꝛs with warme good will,
bowe doume your iudgyng eye.
To ſee how fleſhe and blood muſt fall,
to duſt when race is ronne:
And woꝛldly bꝛute, and honours blaſte,
ſhall ende where it begonne.
If ſtately name, oꝛ high renowne,
might make her bodie liue:
Oꝛ Pꝛinces blood, to life and bꝛeath, might here a patente giue.
This Ladie had not taſted death, noꝛ felte in ſondꝛie thyngs:
Suche croſſyng chance, and froward fate, as to her graue ſhe bꝛings,
Was neuer wight, with troubles toſte, ſo ſoꝛe and paſt them ſoe:
Foꝛ in her bꝛeaſt from tender yeres, a gulffe of greef did floe.
Scan that whiche beſt, can ſkill of woe, her ſoꝛrowes were ſo greate:
That when I waie a dꝛam thereof, my face and bꝛowes doe ſweate.
But though ſhe founde her foꝛtune harde, a ſtaied mynde ſhe boꝛe:
A woꝛthie hedde where ſober witte, by heapes laie hid in ſtoꝛe. (wyes
Her geſture ſhewd from whence ſhe came, her woꝛds moſte graue &
And honours beame, like burnyng Lampe, did blaſe amid her eyes.
A pꝛeſence that could freends cõmaunde, and held her foes full mute:
A noble harte where bountyes budds, did blome and beare good frute.
What needs moꝛe woꝛds to pꝛoue a trothe, ſo rare her vertues were:
That who pꝛeſumes, to hit them right, maie miſſe the marke I here.
As you that mourne, are cladde with blacke, in white her ſoule doeth
Tranſfoꝛmd frõ fleſhe to angels kinde, oꝛ ſacred ſhape deuine. (ſhine:
Where foꝛtunes thꝛeate, cã doe no harme, noꝛ woꝛldly foile ſhe fears
And eche good ghoſt in gloꝛie greate, doeth make an ende of tears.
Her life my gaine, her death my loſſe, her fauour helpt my ſtate:
Her laſte farewell leaues freends behinde, to waile the loſſe too late.

FINIS.

Churchyardes Chance.

¶ An Epitaphe of ſir Nicholas Bacon Knight, late Lorde Keeper.

THE lodeſtarre that good Pilotts likt,
crept vnder cloude of late:
A ſuddaine ſtorme hath knapt in twoo,
a ſtaffe of publicke ſtate. (ſtone:
Our of our goodlie golden Ryng, is falne a precious
The lande that ſutche a Jewell lacks, hath cauſe to morne and mone.
The babes that ſeeth their parents dye, of duetie ſheds ſome teares,
But when a Pillar falleth doune, that countries burthen beares.
The common wealth doeth bide a ſhocke, and ioynts in ſonder ſhake:
If not in ſtraite of auncient propp, a newe defence we make.
A father to all forward witts, who foſtred lawe and right: (light.
A Sunne that ſhone through higheſt clouds, yet gaue belowe greate
Who will not waile that knowes the want: well Englande ſutche a
Shall ſeldome ſhine in thee againe, as worthie *Bacon* was. (glas:
A flood of ſence and ſugred ſappe, came flowyng from his braine:
Ne *Tulles* toung, nor *Petracks* penne, nor ſtoute wiſe *Catoes* vaine,
Maie not ſurmount the phiſed phraſe, and reche of *Bacons* hedd:
His voice was ſmothe as Organe pipe, and looke what *Bacon* ſedd.
Was held for Lawe & iudgement greate, the ſentence was ſo ſwete:
The words were of ſo deepe a fetche, and ſprong from ſuche a ſprete.
He ſpent no ſpeeche nor words in waſte, and where his promes paſt:
Performance haſted out of hande, and followd on as faſte.
To God, to Prince, and Juſtice rules, a greate regard he tooke:
Not on the man, but on the cauſe, and matter would he looke.
Diſpoſde and bente to doe muche good, but namely vnto thoſe:
To whom dame vertues learned lore, did gifts of grace diſcloſe.
His countries care cutts of his daies, and brings thē dim dark night:
That wiſely cannot waye the weight, and worth of ſutche a wight.
He liues in laude and lanterne like, he laſtes with blaſyng fame:
We die, & world weares out our praiſe, where ſhines his noble name.
Moſte noble are thoſe burnyng lampes, moſte cleareſt light thei ſhoe:
That leaues a torche which giues vs light, whē hēce frō vs thei goe.

FINIS.

¶ Sir

Sir Hugh Pauletts Epitaphe.

NO verse a vailes, ne teares maie serue,
to waile the want at full:
My witts are weake, my words but bare
my penne but base and dull.
To frame in forme and stately stile,
the lines I ought to write:
I finde my muse orecome with cares,
my reason banisht quite.
My hedde so fraught with cold conceits, of newes I knowe full well:
That I had rather crie and rore, and shrillie houle and yell.
Then treate of dreadfull deaths despite, who daiely doeth devoure:
The noblest fruits of Natures mould, and pluckes the purest flowre.
Death neither looks on mens renowne, nor who maie best be spard:
But like a Theef stealls life awaie, and strikes without regard.
Not takyng those that vertue wants, and fills the worlde with vice:
But snappes vp suche that people praise, & worlde holds moste in price.
As loe of late to well was seen, when *Paulet* left his life:
Forsooke his freends, desired the graue, and went from worthy wife:
To liue and lodge in lofty Skies, where blessed angells are:
And good mens souls doe suretie finde, and rest from worldly care.
No maruell though our troubled spirits, doe make a swete exchange:
And leaues this sowre and bitter soile (and will some cõtrie strãge.)
To goe where Gods in glorie sitts, and where our home must bee:
Yet in my mynde suche partyng is, a wonder greate to see.
When men by toile and labour long, haue purchast suche a praise:
Attainde to wealth and honour bothe (through seruice sondrie waies.)
And on the suddaine leaue these pomps, and pleasures here possest:
As did this knight of whom I spake, who bore about in brest.
A noble harte a constant mynde, a iollie courage greate:
A warme good will to common wealth, that neuer wanted heate.
Brought vp in armes and Marciall feats, a maister of that arte:
Whiche oft in feeld and countreis cause, did plaie a manly parte.
As birth was good and noble sure, so all he went about:

Churchyardes Chance.

Was good and worthie eurie waie, and noble still throughout.
In office oft, and by his Prince, to credite called still:
In matters graue and thyngs of weight, of deepe foresight and skill.
No talker of good Fortune won, nor boster for vaine bruite:
A tree that seldome blossomde showd, & yet brought forth good fruite
As calme and milde as Sommer winds, that neuer water moues:
And yet as stout to cruell Rites, as gentill with the Doues.
A bodie apte to beare the brunt, of paines and labour long:
A hedde that could conceiue the beste, and sone could put vp wrong.
A freende that vsde no fained phrase, and surely one of those:
That dealt with parfite plainnesse so, he neuer purchaste fose.
A settled rocke a staied trothe, that no deuice could staine:
A *Paulet* yea a piller too, where *Paulet* did remaine.
An aide to sutche as wanted helpe, a father free and franke:
To those that onely for good tourns, but barely yeelded thanke.
What resteth more in any man, then was in hym I saie:
Thus *Paulet* wan a noble bruite, and bore the same awaie.
Where vertue at the dreadfull howre, when trompet sounds a loude:
(Emong the cheef and chosen Lambes,) shall sit in sacred cloude.

FINIS.

I Sir VVillyam Courtneis Epitaphe.

BY death eche life is knowen,
as darkenesse tries out light,
By life is man made like the Gods,
where life is ledde a right.
Whiles *Courtneis* life did laste,
his glorie hid remainde:
But nowe he hath sutche rare renowme,
as fewe or none attainde.
The worlde setts forthe his fame, in sutche a liuely sorte:
That to the Angells eares aboue, is blowen thereof reporte.

Whiche

Whiche newes is lickte so well, the heauens holde them bleste:
Whē God shall bid vnlocke the gates, embrace this newe come gest.
But though the heauens ioye, the yearth with teares is filde:
And kinde hath cause to curse her self, that suche a tree hath spilde.
By sicknesse sent in spight, to spoile the spraise and all:
And made grene leaues forsake their bowes, ere fruit wer ripe to fall.
Me thinke I heare hym saie, would God had been my chance:
To hitte on death in open feeld, by chardge of enemies Lance.
Lament ye Courtlike Lordes, a plaie feere loste you haue:
Sende forthe some sighes a long the seas, to sobb vpon his graue.
That buried is at *Hawne*, with warlike pompe and shotte:
Whiche range his knell as is the gise, alas to sone God wotte.
Well, worthie goe thy waie, how many of thy name:
Are lefte behinde to tread thy stepps, and winne but halfe thy fame.
How should sutche gifts be graft, without some power deuine:
Sutche vertues dwell in one mans breast, as harbred were in thine.
A *Courtney* by thy name, a Courtier kindly borne:
A perfite peece not painted out, a coine vnclippte or worne.
One of so right a stampe, that streight did currant passe.
In euery place of his repaire, where sondrie golds were glasse.
His face bewraied at first, what hope of hym to haue: (gaue.
His works performde that tonge brought forth, his hand full largely
A hedde that ofte had paste, dame Prudens mustere books:
A countnance as his courage was, no forsed Lyons looks.
A harte, storehouse of trothe, a minde no ire might moue:
An eare that watcht for well coucht words, a grace that gatt mutche
His liberall Nature shewed, full ofte to eche degree: (loue.
Where bountie wants (set birthe a side,) ye can not noble bee.
Now better kisse his steppes, then at his praise to kicke:
Well maie men roue about his marke, but none shall hit the pricke.
What mournyng makes his wife, that sutche a housbande loste:
His babes, his men, his neighbours eke, and all the Westerne coste.
Well geasts, your Hoste is gone, turne horse an other waie:
The shrine is robbde, the saincte is fled, where ye were wont to staie.
The sacred godds receiue, emong them where thei are:
With as muche mirth as maie be made) the sprite ẏ *Courtney* bare.

FINIS.

Churchyardes Chance.

Sir VVillyam Pickryngrs Epitaphe.

MY ſences ſlept in reſt, the quiet couche I take:
When woꝛldes repoꝛte with hurlyng bꝛute,
badde ſluggiſhe muſe awake.
And whett the blunted witts,
on mournyng matter newe:
(A heauie happe, a ſoddaine chance,)
that thouſandes ought to rewe.
What foꝛtune is befalne, in woꝛlde ye I of late:
Is any bꝛaunche oꝛ member hurte, that erſt hath ſerude the ſtate.
Oꝛ is ſome ſpꝛoute decaied, oꝛ tree blowne doune by blaſt: (ful faſt.
That thꝛough mans ſkill & ſweate of bꝛowes, might growe & ſtande
There is ye Fame to me, a woꝛthie wight gone hence:
Now dedde that late was quicke and ripe, of iudgement wit & ſence.
And *Pickryng* was his name, whoſe mynde was ſure ſo greate:
The noble bꝛowes bare witneſſe plain, where hãmers ſtill did beate.
A man that credite wonne, by ſeruice ſondꝛie waies:
A *Tully* bothe with penne and tong, at pꝛooke moſte woꝛthie pꝛaies.
And ſurely from the Gods, the rareſt gifts poſſeſte:
That euer in theſe dꝛouſie daies, did lodge in one mans bꝛeſte.
Looke not I ſhould reheaꝛſe, what all his vertues weare:
But looke amid theſe woꝛldly happs, how he hym ſelf did beare.
When Foꝛtune turnde her face, he ſmothly let it ſlide:
The want of will at no tyme could, in looks noꝛ life be ſpide.
If happe had faunde on hym, he changde no chere therefoꝛe:
In equall ballance ſtoode the weight, of chaunces leſſe oꝛ moꝛe.
As wiſedome clockte his cares, ſo ſtoutneſſe ſtaied his minde:
And cuſtome taught hym how to taſte, the toiles that here we finde.
In learned *Platoes* rules, good *Pickryng* pleaſure tooke:
And ſhonde the woꝛlde to ſoꝛt hym ſelf, with gladſome golden booke.
Emong a woꝛlde of men, in deede fewe freends he choſe:
Yet with a manly modeſt meane, he could reclaime his foes.
His poꝛt and preſence ſutche, he was foꝛ Court full fitte:
And foꝛ his graue and deepe foꝛeſight, he might in councell ſitte.

The

The life that here he ledde, giues still sufficient light:
For skilfull heads and scannyng minds, to wrest his maners right.
Now hath he that he sought, and dwells aboue in blis: (with his.
Where good mens soulls as worlde thei leaue, at length shall meete
When Fame had told her tale, I cald for paper streight:
And in suche verse as here you reade, I put these words of weight.

FINIS.

Maister Hampdens Epitaphe.

GOod life is knowen through deathes despite,
and when to graue wee goe:
Good life steppes forthe of shroudyng sheete,
and doeth our vertues showe.
The yearth can claime but fleshe and bones,
and leaue the reste to fame:
The heauens lookes, but for the soule,
and worlde retaines good name.
So somwhat man doeth leaue behinde, that shines like lanterne clere
Note well the same ye mourners all, that stands about this bere.
And doe but liue as *Hampden* did, and get that garlande gaie:
And smell but on that posey sweete, that *Hampden* boare awaie.
What liuyng man can make reporte, he harmde hym any where:
So vpright was the harte in breast, that *Hampdon* still did beare.
His harte was iuste, his hands were franke, his words were meeke & milde:
A presence that declarde his minde, was harmlesse as a child.
A gladsome countenance would he shewe, when sorowe searcht hym throwe:
Though Fortune frounde, she could not chaunge, his cherefull merie browe.
A pleasant freende, cleane voide of fraude, bothe honest true and wise:
In court so loude that now the teares, ronnes gushing frō their eyes.
When thei but speake of *Hampdens* name, an officer liked so well:
Shall neuer sure from countrey come, in Court againe to dwell.
O happie is that Prince that hath, suche seruantes at the neede:

And

And blessed is that lande and soile, that doeth sutche subiects breede.
Thrise happie is the wife I trowe, that sutche a housbande findes:
And perfect honest is that man, that *Hampdens* vertue mindes.
Good birthe and auncient blood doeth breede, in noble nature still:
Good maners & good life withall, whiche wins the worlds good will.
So *Hampdens* waies did well declare, from whence began his race:
And told what marke he thought to hit, when death bid life giue place
Well freend the Goddes hath graunted thee, that thou hast sought so long:
A croune of glorie for thy life, or els thei doe thee wrong.
Here we be lefte in wicked worlde, and finde but fewe like thee: (flee.
Wherefore my spirite through clouldie skies, would after *Hampden*
Though thou hast ronne thy race before, I followe on full faste:
And hope aboue in Abrahams breast, our soules shall meete at laste.

FINIS.

I My Ladie Baggnalles Epitaphe who died at the Nuerie.

LIe here a ladie lies, whose life greate glory won
A morning Starre, a Lampe of daie:
that shone as bright as Sonne.
A goodly glasse of Steele,
that scorne to take a staine:
A Mirrour that did liuely showe,
a perfecte picture plaine.
An aide to straungers still, that staide within her gates:
As noble a Nourse to neighbours all, as freendly to estates.
A spring of larges streams, a well of wifely waies:
A vertuous dame, that vice subdued, a pearle of peerlesse praies.
A fountaine full of faithe, her plaiefeere founde the same:
In eurie pointe that did adorne, a comely sober dame.
From natiue soile she brought, faire lands and freends greate store:
And matcht wh *Nicla Baggnall* knight, to whō faire babes she bore.

O *Nuerie* thou wast once, of this sweete sainct the shrine:
And now the soile of sighes and sobbs, and wofull weepyng eyne.
For thou hast lately loste, by lothsome Deaths disgrace:
The Lanterne gaie, and louyng Lampe, that beautified that place.
Harke worlde how *Fame* reports, (and *Ecco* doeth resounde:)
The hidden heaps of heauenly gifts, that did in her abounde.
A happie housewife knowne, the ioye of housbands breast:
A wise and worthie warrant bothe, to chere eche honest geast.
And as she did present, dame Beautie throughly still:
So nothyng might compare to reache, beyond her franke good will.
To poore a present helpe, to ritche her house was free:
A foe to none, her nature suttle, she honoured eche degree.
Belou'd of greate and small, as one were blest from birthe:
No hurder vp of heauie baggs, (the droulle drosse of yearth.)
But made her treasure house, in clouds and heauens hye:
Where soulls doe hugg, and spirits of men, in Abrams brest doeth lye
Yea all on yearth she did, was doen to that intent:
And sure no soner lefte she life, but thether straight she went.
So now I leaue her there, escapt from worldly blaste: (laste.
Whiles of her fame, all Irelande rynges, and shall whiles world doth

Finis.

An Epitaphe of one maistres Blunt, The Ladie Pauletts sister.

YOu worthie wines that vertue seeks,
and blotlesse liues doe lead:
With bitter tears be dewe your checks,
when you these verses read.
And looke you mourne as matrons doe,
whose modest maners maie:
By outward woe and heauie lookes,
their hidden harms bewraie.
Blacke gounes & blasyng torches bigg, doeth bryng her to the graue
To whom the Gods when she had life, greate gifts of glorie gaue.
Her housbande houls and wryngs his hands, as after corse he goes:
And neibours loue burtts out in sighes, & worlde suche sorowe shoes.

Churchyardes Chance.

As cropp and roote of woman kinde, were loste and laied full loe:
A gracious life is geste and knowen, when hence the ghost doeth goe.
Then *Blount* bedeckt with blessed bryte, passe on to heauens hie:
And leaue thy freends and children all, behinde to waile and crie.
The losse of sutche a Jewell rare, more ritche then pearle or gold:
More meete to dwell in breast of man, then lodge in ashes cold.
Unfitt for worme O wifely dame! the worlde hath seldome bredd:
A wife of sutche a worthie fame, and suche a noble hedde.
As meeke as Lambe of looks or woords, of councell ripe and sounde:
Of harte moste milde where humble thoughts, & bountie did abound.
A Nourse of Nurture curie waie, to child and houshold bothe:
A Mirrour to the simple sort, and fountaine full of trothe.
The housbandes iope, the freends delite, the neighbours comfort too:
A willyng minde, and readie hande, when she good turne might doo.
That feels she now where angells syng, and good mens souls do rest
And where we cease from worldly toile, I meane in Abrams brest.
Where loe I leaue her till we meete, full faste our date drawes on:
And we the self same stepps must tread, that she before hath gon.

Finis.

M Maister VValter Archer his Epitaphe, an auncient Borgis of Kilkenie

IN beaten Brasse, or grauen Gold,
a good mans Fame should shine:
Or written faire, with lukewarme blood,
I wishe were curie line.
Of mans renowme, for sure to base,
is pinke and paper here:
Or all our arte, and skill of penne, to paint their praises clere.
That well deserud whose worthie liues, did showe there was small
Betweene the doyngs of the iuste, and maner of the godds. (odds:
Greate is the grace, of them that gaze, on high with staied looke:
And cars not so their honest names, be written in the booke.
Of life good Lorde, yea thefolde blest, are those that liues vpright:
And holds their heads to heauen gates, with deepe and secret sight.
Then preace in place, good *Archer* now, thy blotlesse life is sutche:

No

No verſe hath grace, nor ſtile maie reche, to giue thee laude to mutche
Thy coũtrie rings of thy great praiſe, thy waies were found ſo wiſe:
That from the graue, vnto the clouds, thy ripe renowne doeth riſe.
Moſte cleane and vpright thoughts did dwell, amid thy manly minde
Of tried trothe, thy ſoile throughout, did all thy doyngs finde.
Bothe *Solon* and *Lycurgus* lawes, thy Ciuill maner ſhoes:
Eche worde of thine a ſentence was, like flood that freaſhly floes.
A welle of witte, ſprong from thy hedde, a tong of temprance right:
A grace to winne, and purchace freends, at bewe and preſent ſight.
A *Toby* to his children all, yea *Iob* for happie ſtate:
A father graue, that well beſtowd, the worldly goods he gate.
A Jewell to Kilkenic ſure, when toune beſieged was:
A worthie Burges ſtoute of harte, that could through perills paſſe.
Of ſtature meane, of maner milde, and ſure as I haue hard:
A verie ſhadowe of a ſainct, ſo ſhapte in ſome regard.
His ende did ſhowe, what life he ledd, his neighbours doe recorde:
He was a plant of ſpeciall grace, and member of the Lorde.
Wherefore dere freends, ỳ reads theſe lines, be ſure his ſoule is well:
And he through Chriſt doeth triumph ſtill, on dreadfull death and hel.
And ſitts as ſafe in Abrams breaſt, as babe in mothers lappe:
Moſte glad are Adams offſpring all, that meets ſutche bleſſed happe.

FINIS.

¶ The Lorde Braies Epitaphe.

CRie out thou worlde and Court,
and ſaie that loſte ye haue:
A better Jewell for his daies,
then your deſarts doe craue.
But ſmall ye waie the loſſe,
of hym and others eke:
Of whoſe good nature when ye neede,
ye are full farre to ſeeke.
Whiche maks your plague the more, though leaſt ye thinke thereon:
When ofte ye wiſhe them here againe, that long are dedde and gon.
As Gold from Lead is knowñe, ſutche diffrence is in deede:
In men, and more vnlike thei are, then flowre is vnto weede.

Lorde *Braie* declares the same, who was so clere a Lampe:
That fewe or none my iudgement giues, are left vs of that stampe.
So currant for the Court, so comely in the felde:
So right a sparke of Natures moulde, hath here been seen but selde.
His face did full present, a manly worthie minde:
His woords set forthe a further skill, then all mens heds could finde.
His life could none mislike, his Nature (thoughhy good:)
His haude more freely gaue awaie, then worlde well vnderstood.
A harte where honour dwelt, a corps full trimly knitte:
A shape as kinde had breath'd hym out, a hedde where lackt no witte.
O *Braie* thou borest awaie, the banner of renowne:
Let none thinke scorne to followe thee, in feeld in court nor toune.
I take a heauie leaue, of thee and so I ceale:
And leaue thee flikering in the aire, before the God of peace.

FINIS.

Sir Jhon Constables Epitaphe.

IN looking through these worldly happs,
(so walking where I would:)
And waiyng well with equall paies,
the weight of yearthly mould.
I heard a sadd, and pitie voice,
as though some fearfull spreete:
(In hollowe Caue, or vaute of stone)
had spoke from shroudyng sheete,
It badde me looke to true report, that *Tymes* eldest daughter is:
And sett a side all fonde affects, whiche leads the penne amis.
Thou hast (quhe for fauours sake, prais'd some thou didst not knowe:
I was thy freende, wherefore in verse, my course of life doe showe.
These woords pronounc't, he silence kept, and vanisht so awaie:
His soule to Skies, his fame to worlde, his corps to clotts of claie.
Then to my Muse, I gan repaire, with harte as cold as stone:
And so with dolefull verse bewaield, the death of good sir Jhon.
Who ledde his life in greate renowne, and neighbours loue with all:
And seru'd the state on his owne charge, when prince did please to call

By Northen broils that bred mutche bale, and subiects trothes were
His great good will to dueties bounds, & loiall faith was spied. (tried
He alwaies stoode to rightfull thyngs, and would not swaie a whie:
To any pointe, wherein reproche, or losse of name did lye.
A freende that was not lightly losse, and did good tournes bestowe:
Where cause requirde & librall hart, through bounties springs should
A house he kept of greate expence, and daiely at his doore: (flowe.
(With that good store that God him blest,) he helpt to feede ỳ poore.
He married twise in noble race, and kept a noble traine:
And freely gaue good seruaunts Farms, to recompence their paine.
He bare to freends sutche perfite loue, that to the howre of death:
He neuer failed any one, as long as he had breath.
He had greate suites and troubles too, that many sorrows brynge:
Yet ere he died with worship greate, he ended all those thynge.
He gaue good lands, for Scholers weale (as was the auncient gies)
And made an Almes house for the poore, in *Halsham* where he lyes.
All *Holderneſſe* that knewe hym well, doeth misse his presence now:
So iuste and worthie eurie waie, were all his doynge throw.
But when the fruite of tree is ripe, or men be at the beste:
Doune doe thei drop, & at the length, in pearth with wormis thei rest.
Yet good mens ghoste, do clime the clouds, & drawes where God in
Brings chosen lambs, to endleſſe ioy, frō worldly care & mone (trone.

FINIS.

The phantaſticall Monarkes Epitaphe.

THough *Dant* be dedde, and *Marrot* lies in graue,
And *Petrarks* spirite, bee mounted past our bewe:
Yet some doe liue, (that Poets humours haue,)
To keepe old course, with vains of verses newe.
Whose penns are prest, to paint out people plaine,
That els a sleepe, in silence should remaine:
Come poore old man, that boare the *Monarks* name,
Thyne Epitaphe, shall here set forthe thy fame.

Thy climyng mynde, aspierd beyonde the Starrs,

Churchyardes Chance.

Thy loftie ſtile, no yearthly titell boze:
Thy witts would ſeem, to ſee thzough peace and warrs,
Thy tauntyng tong, was pleaſant ſharpe and ſoze.
And though thy Pzide, and pompe was ſomewhat vaine,
The *Monarcke* had, a deepe diſcourſyng bzaine:
Alone with freend, he could of wonders treate,
In publike place, pzonounce a ſentence greate.

No matche foz fooles, if wiſemen were in place,
No mate at meale, to ſit with common ſozt:
Bothe graue of looks, and fatherlike of face,
Of Judgement quicke, of comely fozme and pozt.
Moſte bent to wozds, on hye and ſolempne daies,
Of diet fine, and daintie diuerſe waies:
And well diſpoſde, if Pzince did pleaſure take,
At any mirthe, that he pooze man could make.

On gallant robes, his greateſt glozie ſtood,
Yet garments bare, could neuer daunt his minde:
He feard no ſtate, noz caerd foz wozldly good,
Held eche thyng light, as fethers in the winde.
And ſtill he ſaied, the ſtrong thurſts weake to wall,
When ſwozde boze ſwaie, the *Monarke* ſhould haue all:
The man of might, at length ſhall *Monarke* bee,
And greateſt ſtrength, ſhall make the feeble flee.

When ſtraungers came, in preſence any wheare,
Straunge was the talke, the *Monarke* vttred than:
He had a voice, could thonder thzough your eare,
And ſpeake mutche like, a merrie Chziſtmas man.
But ſure ſmall mirthe, his matter harped on,
His fozme of life, who liſts to looke vpon:
Did ſhewe ſome witte, though follie fedde his will,
The man is dedde, yet *Monarke* liueth ſtill.

FINIS.

Epitaphes

Epitaphes alreadie printed, or out of my handes.

The Epitaphe of Kyng Henry the eight. 1
The Erle of Surries Epitaphe. 2
The Lorde Cromwells Epitaphe. 3
The Ladie Wentworthes Epitaphe. 4
The Lorde Graies of Wilton his Epitaphe. 5
The Lorde Poinynges Epitaphe. 6
Maister Audleis the greate Soldiours Epitaphe. 7
The worthie Capitaine Randalls Epitaphe. 8
Sir Edmond Peckams Epitaphe. 9
Sir Iames Wilfordes Epitaphe. 10
Sir Jhon Walloppes Epitaphe. 11
Sir George Peckams first wiues Epitaphe. 12
The Erle of Penbrokes Epitaphe. 13
The Counties of Penbrokes Epitaphe. 14
The Lorde Henry Dudleis Epitaphe. 15
Sir Jhon Pollardes Epitaphe. 16
The Lorde of Deluins Epitaphe. 17
The Epitaphe of Maistresse Pennes daghter, called Maistresse Gifforde. 18

And many other gentilmen and gentilwomens Epitaphes, that presently I neither can remember, nor get into my handes againe.

Of

Churchyardes Chance.

¶ *Of the fickle faithe of men.*

THE thoughts of men, doe daiely chaunge,
As phanſies breeds within their breaſts:
And now their natuers are ſo ſtraunge,
That fewe can find, where frendſhip reſts
For double dealyng bears ſutche ſwaie:
That honeſt meanyng doeth decaie.

The ſtedfaſt faithe that freends proteſte,
Is fled from them, or little vſde:
Who hath a perfaite freende poſſeſt,
In whom he neuer was abuſde.
Where one is founde a frende in deede:
A ſcore there bee, that faiſes at neede.

A frende in woords, where deedes are dedde,
Is like a ſpryng, that water wants:
And thei that with, faire woords are fedde,
Doe hope for fruite, on withred plants.
But who can iudge by vewe of eye:
Where deeds are dedde, and trothe doeth lye.

For barraine Trees, will bloſſoms beare,
As well as theſe, that fruite ſhall yeeld:
Whoſe barcke and branches ſeems as feare,
As any Tree, within the feeld.
As ſimply looks the ſubtell man,
As he that of, no falſhed can.

The ſureſt waie, that I can finde,
Is firſt to proue, and then to truſte:

Wherein

Wherein affection is not blinde,
For proof will sone, spie out the iuste.
And triall knowes, who means desaite,
And bidds the blount, beware the baite.

Without good proofe, be not to bolde,
If you my councell lists to take:
In painted woords, there is no holde,
Thei are but leau's, that winde doeth shake.
But where that woords, and deeds agree,
Accept that freende, and credite me:
For he that giu's, this councell here,
Hath bought his witte, and freendshipp dere.

FINIS.

Of a Flatterer and a Backbiter.

THe tamest foule, and wildest beast,
that euery man maie knowe:
Is sure a subtill flattryng freende,
and sclandryng tong I trowe.
The one bit's sore behinde, thy backe,
the other bleares thyne eyes:
And still deceiu's thee to thy face,
with nought but fained lyes.
The Doue is meeke and tame of kinde, but yet a Flattrar fine:
More tamer is, and shewes more arte, then all the Muses nine.
For he can so transforme hym self, you shall not see hym right:
Though through stone walls like *Linx* ye lock, or could haue *Argos* sight.
And he that bit's vnto the bones, is wilde as Bucke in chace:
And hides his hedde moste monster like, that dare not shewe his face.
The Colt that skipps before the dame, is not so light as he:
Malboche hath sutche a forked tong, it stingeth worse then Bee.
Malboche, doeth lodge the shamlesse clap, that goes as fast as Will:
Malboche is like a common skolde, that must be chattyng still.
Malboche can creepe in credits grace, and Court it too some tyme:

And make a ſtale and ſnare to catche, the ſimple ſoule in Lyme.
The mightie Maſtiue brought to Beare, bit's not like ſcolding tong
A *Larum* all the countrey cries, where that loude bell is rong.
And when it hath begonne a braule, a waie in haſte it goes:
And will abide by nothyng ſure, for feare of bobbs and bloes.
But though *Malbouche* do breede muche ſtrief, the Flattrar palleth (all:
For he lyes lullyng in the lapp, and like a painted wall.
Full faire and ſmothe he ſhoes to ſight, when loe a rotten poſte:
He prou's yet ſeems a holie ſainct, and is a curſſed ghoſte.
Well two thei are, the wilde & tame, that works this world mutche
The wilde he hinders honeſt name, the tame no freend but foe. (woe.
But how to ſpie theſe monſters out, in deede I can not tell:
Except with wiſedomes iudgyng hed, ye marke them bothe ſo well.
That when thei ſpeake and babble mutche, thei meane to lay a baite:
To take and trap the harmeleſſe harte, in netts of meere deceite.
Now here is taught you how to find, theſe twaine by outward vewe:
Through both of thē begiles this worlde, with charms & nifles newe.

FINIS.

A good deſcription of a freende.

THe Bee doeth trauell long, and wonders paine doeth take,
From herbe to flowre, frō flowre to weede, a hony combe to make
The Ante with no leſſe art, in ſeaſon due doeth toile,
And learns vs how to helpe our ſelues, in this vncertaine ſoile.
So man that knowledge hath, to woorke with witte and ſence,
Prouides for harm's that maie befall, a buckler of defence:
That neither want nor woe, ſhall quaill the noble minde,
Nor caſt through care, and froward happ, the forward harte behinde.
And ſure the ſureſt ſtaie, that any wight maie gette,
Is freendſhip if in ſureties grounde, the graffe thereof be ſette:
Yea ſo it ſerues the tourne, and ſalues eche ſore and greef,
As Homie combe in tyme of neede, is onely Bees releef.
And ſutche prouiſion bare, as Ante doeth make I geſſe,
At greate extremes in eurie pointe, true freendſhip doeth expreſſe:
When all theſe worldlyngs faile, and faithe on yearth doeth fainte,
(And pride with poiſoned ſerpēts tongs, like Parats pyate & paint.)

To

To freendship maie we come, as to a fountaine sweete:
That yeelds freshe water many waies, to quench the thirstie spreete.
And there wee maie be bolde, to drinke or drawe our fill,
For where the moistnesse feed's the flood's, the springs are romping
Emong the bruitest beastes, and wildest birds that bee, (still
An inward liking flattly sirte, of freendship shall you see.
Should we then make it straunge, that feelyng hath to knowe,
The lawe and league of blameless loue, and iudge the freend frō foe:
No sure our glorie growes, moste gaie on freendships ground.
And suger sweete, are all those fruit's, that springs on iudgemēt soūd
When fauour makes the waie, and letts desarts come in,
And modest maners milde of mode, doeth wisedomes credite win:
The freendship vertuous is, and like full long to laste,
And as a rocke against eche stoorme, it standeth firme and faste.
This freedship first was bredd, emongs the Gods aboue,
And fostred since in fleshly breasts, and fed with frendly loue:
And so it was embraste, of worthie skilfull braines,
Who to this daie with care of minde, this freendship still retaines.
And more it bears the bruite, beyonde all yearthly things,
And flees as farre as any fame, hath powre to spred her wings:
And frendship triumphe makes, on Fortune in despight,
And marcheth full amid her face, and so subdues her quight.
No sorrowe nor mishappe, no greef nor torment straunge, (change:
Maie fraine by force, or froward meane, true freendships mynde too
For paines with equall weight, doe freends imparte and deale,
As though within twoo priuate willes, there were a commonweale.
And looke what one doeth taste, the other feeles in deede,
And eche of them with helpyng hande, supplies the others neede:
In minde thei meete and matche, and talke together still,
When distance of the tyme and place, denies them of their will.
When furthest of thei seeme, thei ioyne in ioye and blis,
And eurie smart that absence breeds, a present pleasure is.
The fraude and finesse now, and tickle trothe in man,
Maks faithe and freendship thrise as sweete, as when it first began.
In these dessemblyng daies, who findes a freende I trowe,
Hath founde a seconde Phenix sure, and needes no further goe:

Churchyardes Chance.

Shrine vp that sainct in golde, locke vp that Jewell riche,
Ye cannot in no measures meane, of freendship make too mitche.

FINIS.

A warnyng from Courte.

Looke not for deedes, when wordes driu's of the tyme,
Thei reape but weedes, that sowes on barraine grounde,
Trust not to age, when youth is paste his prime:
Showe not plaine face, where finenesse doeth abounde,
Hope not for grace, where Flattrie faunes like whelpe,
But haunt the place, where hope hath readie helpe.

Spende little wealthe, where witte and tyme is lacke,
Creepe from colde Court, where freendshipps fire goes out:
Matche not with Pride, nor leane to painted backe,
Seeke rather Death, then liue in daiely doubt.
Where Enuie liu's, and Loue is tourned to lucke:
Good minds doe dye, and worlde is not to trucke.

The *Sirens* song, deceiu's the simple eare,
The hissyng Snake, giu's warnyng eare he stryng:
Greate pitts are hid, in water smothe and feare,
The hollowe bell, doeth make the sweeteste ryng.
Thus daunger dwells, where leaste the doubt appeers:
And pleasant feelds, doe yeeld moste scratchyng Breers.

The plaineste folke, are in the roughest soile,
The subtleste hedds, to golden haules repaire:
Who shuns gaie showes, shall scape from Fortunes foile,
Foule weather hangs, in Cloudie smilyng aire.
I can no more, but bidde the wise beware:
Of gallant Court, that weares vaine glorie bare.

FINIS.

Of a Courtiers life, and how the worst sorte findes beste Fortune.

This parshall worlde, prefarres the fained face,
And beates hym backe, that beares the blotlesse browe:

As

As one might saie, thei stande in Fortunes grace,
That worst deseru's, and best can flatter now,
He reaps no Corne, that helps to holde the Plowe.
His gaine is small, that labours till he grones,
He bears the loade, that hath the weakest bones.

The wiely hedde, hath witte to watche his howres,
Like Fore and Wolfe, that seru's them selu's you see:
The idell hands, that neuer planted flowres,
Takes Honie sweete, from sillie labryng Bee.
Though Fauken faire, for Ducke or Partrige flee,
He feedes on Beefe, or other baser meate:
Thus are thei seru'd, that oft doe toile and sweate.

Some roums full swift, yet still the wager loes,
Men haue sutche sleight, to tripp their fellowes doune:
We knowe not how, the wheele of Fortune goes,
Nor wherein rests, our wealth or right renowne.
The tromp of Fame, giu's sutche vncertaine sowne,
That badd are good, and good haue but badd lucke:
In happie thyngs, or gaine of worldly mucke.

Nert walkyng Jaads, and whippyng horses heeles,
Is Soldiours craft, and waityng Courtiers trade:
The one in feels, bothe cold and honger feeles,
The other here, at home a drudge is made.
Well all is one, to sitt in Some or shade,
If happ giue all, no matter who doeth sowe:
He reaps moste Corne, whose Sieth shall furthest goe.

FINIS.

Of woordes spoken by a greate personage.

I Liue that dieth eurie howre, my glasse is nere hande rome,
I fall awaie as doeth a flowre, that withers in the Some:
O death dispatche my dolefull daies, defar no tyme here in,
Good *Lachis* make thou no delaies, my fatal threde to spin.
Thou Clarke I saie, that for thy fee, doath ryng the carefull knell,
Now let me haue some helpe of thee, to tolle my passyng bell.

Churchyardes Chance.

If by the waie I maie prouoke, to shorten now my life,
This hande of myne shall strike the stroke, ẏ sone shall stint my strife:
I muse why God did me create, and breathd life in my breste,
And brought me vp to this estate, that nere emoyed no reste.
Why was I fed with milke so oft, and pampred vp so long,
Why was I rockt and laied so softe, and lullde with many a song:
Why was not I vntymely borne, when Nature had me wrought,
That liueth thus as man forlorne, and still consumes with thought.
The Mid wife might haue easd all this, if strangled had I bin,
Then had my soule been saffe in blis, that now lyes drownd in sin.
But looke what God assignde is doen, what should I reason more,
O Lorde my God what hast thou won, in plagyng me so sore:
What honour canst thou haue by me, what glorie canst thou haue,
What seruice can I doe to thee, that wisheth thus my graue.
And in this plite to dye thou knowest, so farre from quiet frame,
Before I should yeeld vp the ghost, I might blaspheme thy name:
The worlde disdains to see my wealth, the heauens on me froune,
The yearth and aire denies me health, and Fortune keeps me doune.
The daie I driue awaie with care, the night I waile and weepe,
The sighes & sobs that comes vnware, doeth wake me in my slepe:
The foode that should my life sustaine, I finde therein small taste,
My blood dries vp in eurie vaine, loe how I weare and waste.
Thus eurie thing doeth change his kinde, to worke my woe you see,
And nothyng serues me to my minde, I fall in sutche degree:
Would God my graue, were ready found, my shroudyng shete & al,
And dreadfull Death were surely bounde, to come when I doe call.

Finis.

A description of Desire.

LEd by Desire, a thrall where frædome lyes,
Held backe by witte, when fancie forward hales,
My grædie will, begiles my gasyng eyes:
Calde home from craft, yet caught in cunnyng stales,
Drawne from my self, and made to others call,
If daunger come, Desire is cause of all.

Prepard

Prepard for flight, my wings are falte in Lyme,
I ſwimme in hope, and ſincke with deepe conſaite,
Deceiu'd by happ, yet learnd by loſſe of tyme:
To knowe the hooke, and yet muſt miſſe the baite,
But bound and ledde, a long by ſweete Deſire,
I ſcorche or burne, before I fœle the fire.

Deſire lackes ſight, yet leades the ſences blinde,
And wilfull Will, waites hard at Daungers hœles,
Good ſpéede full leane, comes laggyng farre behinde:
Cloſe harte ſaies nought, that all the ſorrowe fœles,
So thus the man, to Death like captiue goes,
Ledde by Deſire, that knowes not freends from foes.

Our life declares, Deſire can take no reſte,
In ſoundeſt ſlæpes, it keepes the minde awake,
It is a ſpryte, that cloſely créepes in breſte:
A priuie thought, that Warres and Peace doeth make,
And whom it leads, it either throwes hym doune,
Or lifes hym vp, by happ to greate renowme.

The Soldiour builds, his hope on greate Deſire,
The Marchant getts, his gaine and wealth thereby,
The trauelyng wight, it paies with noble hire:
It heales the harte, that in Diſpaire doeth lye,
And though ſome ſparks, of vice flee from that flame,
A good Deſire, maintaines a vertuous name.

Then bluſhe I not, to yeelde where force doeth faile,
Deſire doeth daunt, the ſtrong and ſtouteſt minde,
Where Fancie rules, no wiſedome can preuaile:
Strriue not with ſtreame, nor ſaile againſt the winde,
For when fine witte, hath doen the beſte it maie,
Deſire comes in, and leads the harte awaie.

FINIS.

Of

Churchyardes Chance.

¶ Of a vicious woman.

AS euery lake, and puddle seemeth sweete,
To greedie throts, that daiely drinke doe craue:
So vnto some, eche water is full meete,
To coole their mouths, when any thirst thei haue.
The worst at hande, contents their geerie fitte,
The beste farre of, is not desirde a whitte.

Good reason why, a pleasure nere at call,
Is better sure, then that we want at neede:
When thirst is paste, we wishe no drinke at all,
When honger comes, then gladly would we feede.
The Hauke once fedde, with any kinde of meate:
Her gorge is full, Gill will no Partriche eate.

Yet Beefe is grosse, and hard for to endue,
And carrion Crowes, with Phesant is no matche:
Though all things seru's, for Hauks that keeps ỹ mew,
Yet those that flee, a better pray can watche.
Who saies eche drinke, thei haue too greate a hatte:
For Crabbs be Crabbs, and haue a bitter taste.

Is Beere and Wine, a like in euery cace,
Or frettyng Salt, like Suger any whear:
Is Porke at home, like Venison in the chace,
Is Glasse like Golde, or Brasse yet halfe so fear.
Are little titts, like Coursers finely made:
No no in deede, a rotle is but a Jade.

Are Nettle stalks, like roddie Roses leaues,
Maie stinkyng Dacks, with Gillaflowres compare:
Is dustie Chaffe, like goodlie filled Sheaues,
Is euill cheere, like pleasant sumptuous fare.
A hongrie baite, a cold repaste thei finde,
That fruite forsaks, and feedeth on the rinde.

Then

Then if there be, of worthies many a one,
That serues their will, with drosse where gold is cheape:
And for a Pearle, forsaks a precious stone,
And takes the worst, where worthies are a heape.
Now let them blushe, or frowne to heare my song:
Theirs is the fault, and I haue all the wrong.

FINIS.

Of vnsounde freendes.

THe roote not pure, the braunches are infecte,
The tree vnsounde, the fruite and leaues are nought:
The grounde not good, the roote is in suspecte,
Of euery greef, the cause must first be sought.
For breake the bowes, and cleane dispoile the tree:
The roote lefte whole, a greater harme maie bee.

A sore vnsearcht, is seldome salued well,
As hatred hid, is harde to heale without:
The Doctour seeks, where eche disease doeth dwell,
And gropes the grounde, and so auoides the doubt.
First quenche the cause, in flames that doeth remaine:
The strawe on fire, the smoke will rise againe.

To cutte thy hande, when festred is thy foote,
Or pricke thy arme, when all thy hedde is sicke:
Ye be farre of, ye come not nere the roote,
Then this beleeue, ye are not nere the quicke.
So though the sworde, the simple putts to sacke:
The shippe you haue, and yet the sterne you lacke.

FINIS.

A matter of fonde Cupid, and vain Venus.

IN Peascod time whē hound to horne, giu's eare til Buck be kilde
And little laddes with pipes of corne, sat keepyng beastes a filde:
I went to gather strawberies tho, by woodes & groues full faire,
And parchte my face with *Phebus* so, in walkyng in the aire.

Churchyardes Chance.

That doune I laied me by a ſtreame: with bowes all ouer clad,
And there I meate the ſtraungeſt dreame, that euer yong man had:
Me thought I ſawe eche Chriſtmas game: eche reuell all and ſome,
And euery thyng that I can name, or maie in phanſie come.
The ſubſtaunce of the ſights I ſawe, in ſilence paſſe thei ſhall,
Becauſe I lacke the ſkill to drawe, the order of theim all:
But *Venus* ſhall not paſſe my penne, whoſe maidens in diſdaine,
Did feede vpon the harts of menne, that *Cupides* bowe had ſlaine.
And that blinde boye was all in blood, be bathed to the eares,
And like a conquerour he ſtood, and ſcorned louers teares:
I haue quod he more harts at call, then *Caſar* could commaunde,
And like the Dere I make them fall, that runneth ore the lande:
One droppes doune here, an other there, in buſhes as thei grone,
I beude a ſcornefull careleſſe eare, to heare them make their moue.
Abe ſir quod honeſt meanyng then, thy boyely bragges I heare,
Whē thou haſt woūded many a man, as hounts man doeth the deare
Becomes it thee to triumphe ſo, thy mother will it not,
For ſhe had rather breake thy bowe, then thou ſhalt plaie the ſot.
What ſauſie Marchaunt ſpeaketh now, ſaied *Venus* in her rage,
Art thou ſo blinde, thou knowſt not howe, I gouerne euery age:
My ſonne doeth ſhoote no ſhafte in waſte, to me the boye is bounde,
He neuer founde a harte ſo chaſte, but he had power to wounde.
Not ſo faire Goddes quod Freewill, in me there is a choiſe,
And cauſe I am of myne owne ill, if I in thee reioyſe:
And when I yeeld my ſelf a ſlaue, to thee or to thy ſonne,
Suche recompence I ought not haue, if thyngs be rightly done.
Why foole ſteppe forthe Delight & ſaid, whē thou art cōquered thus
Then loe dame Luſt that wanton maide, thy miſtreſſe is iwus:
And Luſt is *Cupids* darlyng deare, behold here where ſhe goes,
She crepes the milke warme fleſhe ſo nere, ſhe hides her vnder cloes
Where many priuie thoughtes doe dwell, a heauen here on yearth,
For thei haue neuer minde of hell, thei thinkes ſo muche on merth:
Be ſtill good meanyng quod good Sport, let *Cupid* triumph make,
For ſure his kyngdome ſhalbe ſhorte: if we no pleaſure take.
Faire Beautie and her plaie feers gaie, the Virgines veſtall too,
Shall ſitte and with their fingers plaie, as Idell people doe:

If

Ifhoneſt Meanyng fall to froune, and I good Sporte decaie,
Then *Venus* glorie will come doune, and thei will pine awaie:
In deede quod witte this pour deuiſe, w ſtrangues muſt be wrought
And where you ſee theſe women niece, and looketh to be ſought.
With ſcoulyng browes their follies checke, and ſo giue the the figge,
Let Fancie be no more at becke, when Beautie lokes ſo bigge:
When *Venus* heard how thei conſpirde, to murther women ſo,
We thought in deede the houſe was fired, w ſtormes & lightnyng tho:
The thunder bolt through windowes burſt, & in their ſteppes awight,
Whiche ſeemd ſome ſoule or ſpyte a curſt, ſo vglie was the ſight.
I charge you Ladies all quod he, looke to your ſelues in haſte,
For if that men ſo wilfull be, and haue their thoughts ſo chaſte:
And thei can treade on *Cupides* breaſt, and marche on *Venus* face,
Then thei ſhall ſlepe in quiet reſte, when you ſhall waile your cace.
With that had *Venus* all in ſpite, ſturde vp the Dames to Ire,
And Luſte fell cold, and Beautie white, ſatte babblyng with Deſire:
Whoſe muttryng words, I might not marke, mutche whiſpyng there a roes,
The daie did lower, the Sonne wart darke, awaie eche Ladie goes.
But whether went theſe angrie flocke, our Lorde hymſelf doeth kno,
Wherewith full loudely crewe the Cocke, and I awaked ſo:
A dreame quod I, a Dogge it is, I take thereon no keepe,
I gage my hed, ſutche toyes as this, doeth ſpring for lacke of ſleepe.

FINIS.

This ſhowes the vanitie of ſome hopes.

Who liu's in hope, doeth dye in deepe diſpaire,
He lackes that looks, how luckie lotts doe light:
Thei feele foule ſtorms, that hopes for weather faire,
And want cleere daie, that waites to ſcape the night.
Hope hates his ſtate, and preſent fitte he feels,
And gropes for chaunce, at churliſhe Fortunes heel's.

He ſhowes ſome greef, that after meaſon ſeekes,
And pleadeth paine, that prouls for pleaſure ſweete:
Who hopes for foode, doeth goe with hongrie cheekes,
And hangs doune hedde, as one that wanteth ſpreete.

Churchyardes Chance.

Although Diſpaire, is neighbour nexte the woꝛſte,
Who holdes by Hope, is moꝛe then halfe a curſte.

Full long the birde, in cage on hope maie feede,
The Galley ſlaue, the ſelf ſame cace maie pleade:
Hope comes to late, to ſutche as ſtande in neede,
The happleſſe hath, a *Laborinth* to treade.
In daungers grace, thei ſtande amid the flood,
Full farre from helpe, when hope can doe no good.

If haſte make waſte, and fall on point of knife,
Oꝛ ſwoꝛde thꝛough harte, vnto the hilts doeth ronne:
In ſutche extreines, what hope is left of life,
Oꝛ where in deede, foꝛ harmes ſhould helpe be wonne.
The banks bꝛoke doune, the ſtreame and flood flies out,
And nothyng ſtaies, behinde foꝛ hope noꝛ doubt.

The pꝛiſner maie, that is condempde to dye,
Foꝛ pardon hope, and yet to hangyng goe:
A miſcheef comes, whils men foꝛ mercie cꝛie,
As hoꝛſe doeth ſtaꝛue, whils that the gꝛeſſe doeth gꝛowe.
Hope ſeꝛu's you knowe, to heaue vp harts on height,
That flatte on floer, maie Foꝛtune ſtꝛike them ſtꝛeight.

Finis.

The meetyng of twoo noble knightes of the Garter (ſi Henry Sidney, and the Erle of Eſſex) in Irelande, twoo miles beyond Dradath the xxj. of September, and 17. yere in the raigne of our ſouerain ladie Quene Elizabeth.

AS oꝛder is the ſtaie of ſtates, a bliſſe to eurie age,
A knot of loue, a bande of peace, a rule ꝑ gouerns rage:
So oꝛder dꝛue, twoo noble wights, that of the oꝛder are,
To mete by oꝛder as it fell, a ſight full ſtrãge and rare.
Foꝛ ſeide is ſeen, in Iriſhe ſoile, where oꝛder doeth but
That it ſ. which doth ꝑ garter were, do mete by ſuche a chance (glaunce
The one an Erle, a *Mars* moꝛe like, that God of battaill is:

The

The other ſutche a Mirror knowne, as Irelande maie not mis.
The one hath lighted ſutche a Lampe, where on the reſt maie gaſe,
Yea all the torches in the lande, ware dim where this doeth blaſe:
The other hath through modeſt meanes, and Marciall maners both,
Pluckt frō warme breſt, the peoples harts, ẏ bears good wil to troth
The bruite of theſe, are blowne ſo far, their names therby are known
Theſe are no Gemms of forraine mines, but Jewells of our owne.
The more that Enuie hides their praiſe, the bigger doe thei ſhine,
As cleere renowme, were ſhrouded ſafe, by ſecret power deuine.
In louyng league, of well won laude, theſe lordes their liu's do lead,
And through this thankleſſe thwartyng world, ẏ ſteps of honor tread
Bothe bent to ſerue, & fitte therfore, their ventures claimes theſame,
And bothe for greatneſſe of their mindes, doe merite equall fame:
A iope to ſee ſuche iewels ioyne, ſo thought the lookers on,
A pearle of price, in any place, agrees with precious ſtone. (a right.
The Gods thē ſelu's, did make this matche, through ordryng things
The heauens caſt of cloudie clokes, and clapt on mantells light.
To ſhowe how glad the Planetts were, in meetyng nobles twaine,
When one the other fetcht to toune, with ſutche a troupe and traine:
The ſeaſon ſweete, and *Phebus* ſhone, ſo cleare from chriſtall Skie,
As worlde were willyng to beſtowe, on them a welcome eye.
The Prince that hath ſuche members here, is happie londrie waies,
The ſoldiours that ſhall ſerue them bothe, ſhall win immortal praies.
The people that by outward ſignes, an inward meanyng knewe,
Bade ſluggiſhe Muſes whet their ſkill, on matter worthie newe:
Then tooke I penne, and put in verſe, theſe thyngs ẏ great poſt haſt
In larger volume looke for more, if this be well embraſt.

FINIS.

Of my Lorde cheef Baron that Was.

THe Sittern ſweete whoſe ſiluer ſounde,
(the ſloggards witts awakes:)
Through chaunge and choice, of notes newe founde,
a pleaſant Muſicke makes.
The Lute that beſt is likte of all, a ſolempne noyes doeth yelde,
And moſte delites the cunnyng heddes, that in that arte are ſkilde:

Churchyardes Chance.

The Harpe whose twang and stroke is strange, is vsed eury where,
His many strynges and warblyng sound, so mutche delites the eare.
The milde Recorder hath a place, where sweete Concordance is,
The Cornet and the Howboies bothe, maie matche and sound w this
The Virginall with quiet noyes, must matched be I trowe,
The stiller that the Musick is, the better doeth it showe:
But some had rather heare for chaunge, a cherefull ryng of bells,
Who fains the noies doeth pearce the aire, and thonder crack eyrpels.
In elder daies when stormes arose, and tempests rough did roze,
Thei loudly rang the halloude bell, for cause I told before.
In tounes of warre where watche & ward, is kept with worthy gard
The *Larum* bell that warnyng giues, in deede maie ill be spard:
When Prince remoues the bells thei ryng, & at hie feasts and times,
In forraine lande a noble noies, is made of bells and chimes.
The blest birthe daie of Kyngs and Queenes, w bells is honord still,
In signe of Princes happie raignes, and Subiects greate good will:
A ryng of bells is heard farre of, and pleaseth many a minde,
Now nere thei sound, then faire thei seem, as bloes the gale of winde.
But I delite in passyng Bell, for that doeth plainly shoe,
As one from heuce doeth take his leaue, so hence we all must goe:
A passyng Bell then shall it be, that makes best Musicke here,
It tiugs and tolls what we are worthe, and soundes in eare so clere.
That eche man knowes the passyng Bell, is best in these our daies,
Let Lute and Sittern then giue place, and yeeld to Bell the praies.

FINIS.

Of a noble personage.

THe Sonne that shrouds, in lowryng cloudie Skies,
Shines clere and faire, when foggie Mists are gon:
The mornyng Starre, that slepes long ere it rise,
Awakes them all, that listes to looke thereon.
The hidden gold, in treasure house that lies,
By showe of soile, setts forthe a precious stone:
The graines of Corne, that deepe in yearth remaines,
Sprouts vp at length, and quitts the Plowmans paines.
So hartes oppresst, that heauie are a while.

Laughes

Laughes greek to scorne, when Fortune makes them smile:
The Birde in cage, must suffer for a space,
Till freedome comes, and makes her proue her wings,
The prisners poore, maie purchace Princes grace:
And quenche their thirst, where pleasant fountaine springs.
The mourning minde, maie shewe a cherefull face,
When merrie cause, a present comfort brings:
No happe so harde, no greef so greate I trowe,
But maie through tyme, conuert to ioye from woe.
Then sigh no more, O pensiue troubled brest,
Who sowes in care, is sure to reape in reste.

FINIS.

A letter in Maie, sent to Maister Henry Knowles house at Gobbyns.

YOur healthfull house that holdes me here,
with heapes of sweete delite,
(Where Courtlike fare not countrey chere,
I finde, and thereof write:
Makes me forgett the dompishe daies,
that hatefull soiles did yelde,
And feedes my fancie many waies,
with pleasures of the feeld.
For here the birdes doe chure and charme, as bells of Olney ronge,
Or els the pretie boyes of Poules, amidde the clapper songe:
Methinke the trees doe tremble still, and that the yearth should shake
When Nightyngalls in Morning graie, their merie Musick make.
For though their throats thei thrust their notes, as Organ pipes did
Te deum and saburthen sweete, the Quere had chanted round (sound
Here is no noies of churlishe Choughs, nor piuishe chattryng Pye,
Nor screkyng Oule the poste of Death, that mak's a fearfull crye.
Nor pratyng Paret dare not preace, in compasse of this place,
Nor no proude Pecocke commeth here, for all his stately grace:
This soile doeth breede no scornfull bird, in whom disdain doth dwell
This is a heauen of it self, that stands so farre from hell.

No

Churchyardes Chance.

No deuelishe minde maie nestell here, for feare thei scoule and lowre,
This is a pleasant plot of ground, where Gods haue bilt their bowre
Who made a lawe on paine of death, that none approche the seate,
Except his sweete conceited speeche, prouoketh laughter greate:
Those hoggishe hedds and lompishe lobbs, that muse on mischeef still
Are banisht from this fruitfull vaill, to dig at Hauuorne hill.
And yet the dullest dolt that is, maie happe to mende his spreete,
If when his grossest humour comes, he tast the nectar sweete:
That I haue founde, for loe here dwelles, a noble nurse in deede,
Who for the weakenesse of mens braines, she hath so fine a seede.
It heales the hedache and the cough, and comforts so the wittes,
That man vpon the present helpe, forgetts his former fitts:
This merrie medson worckes in me, a masse of matter good,
It makes me walke, yea eate and slepe, and gather so mutche blood.
That now greate gobbins gins to growe, vpon my Lenten cheekes,
And leggs are filde with fatt and flesh, that was as leane as Leekes:
Whiche you shall see and well perciue, if long you walke in Poules,
And so I saie in takyng leaue, *Adue* good maister Knowles.

FINIS.

Of the Want of Will.

THe daies delaie, doeth breede my nights vnreste,
My wished ioyes, makes harte to taste of woe:
The want of will, torments my troubled breste,
Looke what I seeke, of force I must forgoe.
Helde vp by hope, throwne doune by hatefull happe,
I scape a storme, yet slaine through thonder clappe.

Tweene twoo extremes, my life in ballance lyes,
I feede farre of, yet nere the foode I craue:
My footyng failes, and yet my minde doeth ryes,
I lacke no hope, and yet no happ I haue.
Thus striuyng still, against the streame of strife,
I feede the harte, and weare awaie the life.

Who weau's his webbe, like Spider on the spraie,

Maie

Haie waite for Flies, or spende his tyme in waste:
Who dwelles in doubt, and rests vpon decaie,
Staies for good lucke, where Fortune makes no haste.
He gropes for smoke, and lookes to catche the winde,
That serues in hope, and hatefull happ doeth finde.

Finis.

Of twoo vertuous sisters.

Hen youth was in his prime,
and Peacockes plumes were gaie,
(And loe amid my laughyng eyen,
twoo prietie babes did plaie:)
I spake of merrie sports,
that fedde my fancie than,
But trackt of tyme hath taught me now,
to bee a grauer man.
And iudge by iuste regard, of worldly things the weighe,
And learne the witte and sence to see, the deepenesse and the height:
Of eche thing vnder Sonne, so that in aged daies,
I neither leane to leude delites, nor stoupe to wanton waies.
If sweete desires are dedde, and luste hath taken leaue,
And follies freaks are throughly fledde, that did vaine youth disceiue
My speeche maie credite claime, of all that heares the same,
And I maie freely giue them laude, by verse that merits Fame.
Then preace in place twoo Nimphs, that I at Ipswitche sawe,
Dolles suche praies as vertue yeelds, by sentence of her lawe:
And for your maners milde, (a beautie to good life,)
I wishe that eche of you in deede, maie proue a worthie wife.
And liue to parents ioye, and reape renowme therefore,
And if vnto your owne content, my harte could wishe you more:
You should not haue bare lines, at this my laste a *due*,
But thondryng blast of endlesse Fame, with praies should honor you.

FINIS.

Churchyardes Chance.

¶ Translated out of Latine.

TRue wedlocke is, true bondage treble fold,
A double greef, of feeble flesh and spreete:
So man is drawne, as Ore in market sold,
That he maie be, for endlesse labour meete.
Who takes a wife, is ledde in yoke to drawe,
And feelyng paine, to paine he yeelds from birth,
Takyng, is caught, and bryngs hym self in awe:
And seruyng still, is made a drudge on yearth,
The text showes here, who beste by marrage winns,
In wearie Lome, a webbe of woe he spinns.

Finis.

¶ A discription of the goodnesse that growes in Cicilia.

WHiles rangyng youth did ronne about,
as rage of humour roes,
A reatchlesse race I rowled on,
as water ebbes and floes:
And though through toile my tyme consumde,
yet triall taught me well,
Here is a place (for all our pompe)
where pilgrims ought to dwell.
But wildnesse edgde me forward faste, to se these worldly ioyes,
And greedie minde of glory vaine, (that poffes men vp with toyes)
Badde wanton will ronne all on hedde, and neuer looke behinde:
Till age on youth had clapt his clokes, by cruell course of kinde,
Thus haled through the hauen mouth, where heapes of hazards are,
Full vnder saile through swellyng seas, my ship and I did fare:
And passyng so to soudrie soiles, I sought some suertie still,
But that was past my compasse cleane, and farre beyond my skill.
For sutche as seekes in *Sillas* seas, a saffetie for his Barke,
Maie drive a nidde *Charibdes* clifs, and misse the full sea marke:
Well, as my shipp found winde at will, so did I make my saile,
And landyng tooke in sondrie soiles, when sea roume seemd to faile.

&c

So France and Flaunders sawe I through, and other lands a score,
Where vessells in the rode might ride, and none might goe on shore:
But barely was I vittailde still, and seldome voide of want,
(And neuer founde good gale of winde,) as weather were so skant.
It had no will to serue my tourne, in all my iourneis greate.
Untill I cast a better course, and founde a noble seate:
That men doe call *Cicillya*, where loe sweete *Cipres* groes,
And many other precious things, more sweete then Muskie roes.
No soner sought I succour there, but straight waies had I aide,
As though that Deastnie did decree, my Barke should there be staied
O fruitfull soile full fraught with grace, the dewe of heauen fall,
Bothe daie and night like siluer showres, vpon thy vertues all:
Come wandryng wights ẏ seekes for happ, in wilde depe streams & flods
And se with feelyng sence what gifts, in *Cicill* growes & buds
I praies the name and blesse the plot, and kisse suche perfit grounde,
That yeelds suche fruit and doeth in deede, in blessed things abounde:
If tong had arte to showe at full, the fulnesse of this soile,
The tong should worke and pē should cease, or serue in place of foile.
To set forthe fame of lande vnknowne, yet knowne to skilfull men,
And knowne againe to Gods thē selues, that rules bothe tong & pen.

Finis.

A matter of repulce, goyng to the Sea.

When will and winde doe iarre,
and *Neptune* proues a foe,
A man maie venter farre, yet haue no powre to goe:
Admit that Ioue doe smile,
if other Gods doe lowre,
We must abide a while, and watche the happie howre.
For eury God in Skies, a seurall nature haue,
And sure greate quarrells rise, by suites that men doe craue:
Of Gods whose sondrie moods, a masse of matter showes,
Some are the Gods of goods, and where that Fortune flowes.
Thei followe tide and tyme, and some are Gods of game,
And some in clouds doe clime, and flies as faste as Fame:

Churchyardes Chance.

Some alwaies like the seas, and some the lande embrace,
Some lou's to take their ease, and quaff's and bibbs a pace:
Some are the Gods of graine, and flowrs and fruit's likewise,
So now to breake my braine, about these Gods in Skies.
It were but labour loste, yet how should people saile,
Or ride to any coste, when hope of Gods doe faile:
First proue a courage bolde, and goe to feeld and fright,
If *Mars* his loue ware cold, ye shalbe conquerd streight.
Where *Venus* froumes make loue, and see what lucke ye finde,
If *Oelus* liste not moue, in vaine ye looke for winde:
So many thyngs by name, are ruldc through Gods in aire,
And Gods good lucke doe frame, in weather foule or faire.
But Gods doe dwell so hye, and I so lowe remaine,
I knowe not where to crie, nor yet to whom complaine:
A greater greef I feele, a fortune somwhat strange,
So swift tourns Fortunes whæle, that still the winde doeth change.
When I to shipp would goe, no soner tourne I backe,
But streight a gale doeth blowe, where I the winde did lacke:
This prou's like curie suite, that I doe take in hande,
For others catche the fruite, when at reward I stande.
My Deastnie is enrould, (O maister of Roulls I feare,)
Where winde doeth blowe so cold, there comes no Sommer theare:
And though that Sonne doe shine, it giu's but little heate,
Some saie worse lucke is myne, and my mishap is greate.
Thus here in verse I showe, what winde doeth me a reste,
In hope before I goe, the winde will bloweth at Weste:
Till then my penne shall walke, where I doe finde good will,
To make my freends to talke, on *Churchyardes* fortune still.

FINIS.

Of one that for vertues sake honored a freend.

AS freendship is a league of Loue,
and showes the harte within,
So some affection is the ground, wherein it doth begin
And reason offreth causes why,
such freendship breeds in thought,

Thus

Thus reason is the kindly cause, that all these things hath wrought.
Some hold opinion fancie works, by secret motions sweete,
A meane to make the honest minde, and faithfull friendship meete:
Deserts dare claime no place hereof, for where good turns haue past
Small fauour comes, and would forgetts, the plain good will at last.
Then reason from affection brought, must needes the cause perswade,
Wherewith the fancie workes the webbe, and so is freendship made:
When man and woman is in frame, and shapt as I haue saied,
Their hartes prepars a perfite place, where friendship maie be staied.
Wæ see eare pleasures are possest, or any profite rise,
A choice or liking knitts the knot, of freendship with the wise:
The iudgement doeth election make, when all affects are blinde,
And freendship triumphes in no where, but in a noble minde.
It scornes to dwell with daintie freaks, that flickers here and there,
And flitts as feathers doe with winde, and restes no certaine where:
The worthie wights that wisely waies, þ weight of mære good wil,
Are chæfest mansion house and seate, for worthy frændship still.
But loe a question now doeth rise, I doe demaunde to knowe,
Of frændships rule or reasons loze, whiche maie the furthest goe:
First frændship marcheth formost man, and leau's behinde the rest,
Then reason comes in second rancke, and seeks to doe his best.
Yet freendship is not greater sure, then reason in degree,
For freendship is but very bare, where reason wants you see:
When witte hath well conceiu'd a cause, by rule and reasons greate,
Then frendship showes this force at full, as fire by flame shoes beats
I knowe not well whiche ruleth moste, the reason that I haue,
Or els the frendship that I beare, where faithe doeth frendship craue:
Good reason leads my fancie forthe, affection vælds thereto,
And frændship followes on as faste, as freendship ought to doe.
Thus loe my reason and my sence, in frendships league is bound:
Whiche bondage is but free consent, for freendly fauour found.

FINIS.

I Written from the Countrey twentie yere
agoe, to one that poorely remaines
at the Courte yet.

Churchyardes Chance.

Who spends his tyme, in Court God knowse,
Maie happ to winne, and sure to lose:
For losse is liker there to fall,
Then anye happie chaunce at all.
Yet some cold Courtiars daiely thinke,
That at the spryng a man maie drinke:
The Welle hedde maie be stopt you see,
Then emptie must the Bocketts bee.
Where many drawe, and preace is greate,
Or thousands doe the Market beate:
There things are skant, and ware is deare,
The moe the geasts, the barer cheare.
The Court is like, a Mearmaids song,
That flattereth many people long:
And paeth them with a prinie nippe,
First braurie brings a begerly whippe:
And nerre vaine hope, doeth lead the blinde,
To looke for that, thei neuer finde.
Some set for birdes, and catche a Gnatt,
And some doeth lose, bothe leane and fatt:
I muse how men, be witched are,
To sitte in Court, to gase and stare.
Eche one vpon an others face,
Maie herein resteth all the grace:
The Peacocke prides hym in his plume,
And doeth bothe tyme and wealth consume.
In pikyng of his feathers gaie,
The Coustoppe not so braue in Maie:
As Courtiar is that clapps on all,
Who hopes for Larkes when skie doth fall.
Some drawes to Court, when all is gon,
And those are called hangers on:
That neither wagies haue ne fee,
But thether come to heare and see.
And rubbe out tyme with lickyng crommes
That droppeth out of hongrie thommes.

That saues a crust for Kate at home,
And some there be that vse to rome:
And pyqueleth for a pittaunce bare,
Where often emptie dishes are.
Some thrusteth all into the poke,
And hideth Manchetts vnder cloke:
And many other morsells sweete,
The almes whiche poore, should haue in streete.
Is montcht in corners by sutche meane,
It is no shame to carry cleane:
Thei saie that liues by this deuise,
I fare as one that flyngs the Dice.
And caste eche chaunce sutche is my freake,
Yet minde I but of Courte to speake:
The Courte is place of sutche repaire,
There must be needes Dick shifters aire.
Of euery sorte bothe good and bad,
At some one tyme maie there be had:
The saunter and the frounyng brawe,
The stately stalkes that will not bowe.
The hollowe lookes, the hautie minde,
The scornefull face, the Bayard blinde:
The whisperer and the whinyng Pigge,
The subtell sheepe that lookes full bigge.
The counterfaite that semeth golde,
The coward and the countenaunce bolde:
The graue, the wise, and worthie bothe,
All kinde of sorts, I tell thee trothe.
Is founde in Court, but worst in deede,
So many haunteth there for neede.
Thou were as good goe holde the Plowe,
As in the Court seeke Fortune nowe:
A thousande gapes for one mans gaine,
And fifteene hundreth lose their paine.
Scarce one is holpen by good happe,
The fruitfull tree, hath lost his sappe:

Churchyardes Chance.

There ſpringes but bloſſoms from the ſtocke,
Eche thyng is vnder double locke.
And bountie is ſo ſtraightly laeſt,
That frankneſſe now is cleane defaeſt:
He that can learne vs how to ſpare,
Is our white lonne, thus runnes the Hare.
The dogges maie pinche, but ſeldome bite,
All ſience of hope are bauiſht quite:
The largneſſe that in Court hath dwelt,
Can neither now be ſeen nor felt.
Eche riuer ronnes into the ſea,
And there the floodes conſume awaie:
And nought retournes to vs againe.
But little ſtreams and dropps of raine.
I feare the worlde is at an ende,
Then thinke not thou the Court ſhall mende:
As worlde decaies, ſo Court doeth weare,
Yet eucry thing ſhould floriſhe theare.
Thou foole truſt not to noddes and becks,
Nor wordes that are as drie as kecks:
In Court ſutche things full plentie are,
When Cloke and Hatte, and all is bare.
And to the bones thou ſhalt be worne,
The Court ſhall giue thee but a ſcorne:
A proper weede to keepe thee warme,
God ſhilde my freend from ſuche a charme.
Let them in Court, goe waite and prie,
That haue good cauſe, and liues thereby:
Looke to the countrey that thou drawe,
And liue in compaſſe of the lawe.
And loue thy Prince, and feare his ſworde,
And from my houſe, I ſende thee worde:
It is as vaine in Court to hope,
As ſecke a bleſſyng of the Pope.
Come let vs ride abrode this Spryng,
As merry a harte as any kyng:

A poore man hath that is content,
God knowes who liues an other Lent.
Thou seest how quickly men be gon,
So thus farewell, myne owne good Jhon:
From Court dispatche thee if thou maie,
That we maie meete ere Easter daie.

FINIS.

Of an iniurie by faunyng freendes.

I Saile with shaken Shippe,
through swellyng seas to safeties shore,
And scape the scornefull whippe,
that lyes in waite to scourge me sore:
And hanyng winde at will,
in scoulyng clouds, I leaue disdaine,
Yea more by happ then skill,
I beate the bellowe backe againe.
That would ouerwhelme my Barke, and swallowe vp, the silly boate,
Ere that the full sea marke, had set the tossed ship a flote:
In deede the gale is good, and God that gides, the sterne and all,
At ebbe hath sent a flood, where tide was neuer thought to fall.
Packe hence ye Pirates proude, the fleete is gone, ye get no pries,
When ship as swift as cloude, from weltryng wau's a lofte doth rise
And cutts the waters wilde, like sieth that shares, both grasse & corne,
In sothe you are begide, to lurke in creeks, and fishe for scorne.
When hoffyng sailes are hoiste, and shipman hath, escapte the race,
Greate folly for a Foist, through floodes to followe on the chace:
Your painted Galleis gaie, till caulmes doe come, dare sturre no ore,
Then crepe close vnder baye, and hide your heads, when seas do rore.
O busie bablars all, your tattlyng tournes, to trifles still,
And though you breue a braule, the worlde maie se, ye want your wil:
I haue out sailde you cleane, and plaste my self in Princes traine,
And keeps a merrie meane, when you in discord beates your braine.
Wherfore your iarryng partes, doth sho frō whence your notes doth ryes,
Ye want the cunnyng artes, to blind my witts, or bleare myne eyes.
The more you strain your voice, to bryng good Musick out of frame,

Churchyardes Chance.

The leſſe you maie reioyce, to ſee how I haue founde the ſame:
And ſo with ſmilyng ſongs, I laugh and leaue, you more and leſſe,
And put vp many wrongs, that tyme and Fortune maie redreſſe.

FINIS.

Of the quietneſſe that plaine Countrey bryngeth.

Among the ruſtic rockes,
both rough and harde by kinde,
Where weather beats, and ſtormes are brim,
for eche ſmall blaſt of winde:
Where ſpryngs no forraine fruites,
nor deinties are not ſought,
Where common pleaſures made for man,
are not in Marketts bought.
Where growes no grapes of wine, to glad the griped breaſt,
Nor ſtands no bowres to banket in, yong wantons for to feaſt:
Where people are not fine, nor yet no fooles I trowe,
But plaine as in the twoo puckt ſtaffe, and plainly doe thei goe.
I ſettled am to liue, and likes my lotte as well,
As thei that haue a richer home, or with greate Princes dwell:
Now finde I eache thyng ſweete, that ſowre I thought before,
That in tymes paſte did pleaſe me moſte, now me deliteth no more.
The toune and ſtony ſtreets, I weary am to tread,
The feeld but aſks a Motley cote, as homely folks are clead:
Now Freſe and Kendall greene, maie ſerue in ſtead of Silke,
And I that fedde on Courtly fare, maie learne to feede on Milke.
And take ſuche countrey chere, as eaſily is maintainde,
No diſhe of gift but ſuche in deede, as ſweat of browes haue gainde.
No platters full of bribes, theſe mountaines forthe doe bryng,
A quiet morſell there is cald, a banket for a kyng:
To eate and ſlepe in reſt, to laugh and ſpeake from feare,
To be an honeſt neighbour namde, is all that men ſeeke theare:
No hollowneſſe of hartes, no hautie waies are likte,
No painted ſheathes, no Peacocks proude, þ haue their fether pikte.
Are ſeen vpon theſe hilles, nor in the dale likewiſe,

Where

Where those that dwell in cottage poore, doe princely halls despise:
A cruse of cold sowre whey, the Sugred cuppy doeth passe,
In gilted boules doeth poison lurke, that spied is in the glasse.
The poore man tastes hym selfe, the Prince dare not doe so,
Then better is the sured life, then doubtfull daies I troe:
Did not *Diogenes*, set more store by his tonne,
Then of the worldly kyngdomes all, that *Alexander* wonne.
Did not that might prince, these wordes with tong expres,
If *Alexander* were I not, make me *Diogenes*:
Since kyngs would change their states, & holds the meane life best,
Then blame not me where I doe like, I seeke to finde some rest.

FINIS.

Of a fearfull Dreame.

IF dreames be true, or tokens from aboue,
Of things to come, by happ that shall arise:
Or if the Gods, haue powre mens thoughts to moue:
By course of starrs, or Planetts in the Skise,
Or fearfull slepes, be warnyngs to the wise.
Of suddaine happs, that shall betide and fall:
Then sure my dreame, no fancie is at all.

At midnight laste, when Cocks beganne to crowe,
Within my bedde, I started as I slept,
Not well awake, in slomber as I trowe:
I sawe a wight, whose face was all bewept,
Whiche softly spake, but boldly to me stept.
Who saied thou man, these tears I spill for thee,
That lou'st thy foes, and forgest not on me.

But since thy tong, can knitt and then vntwinde,
And trapp thy frends, whose trust is in thy trothe,
And seekest chaunge, with suetche a greedy minde:
And so forgetts, thy vowe and solempne othe,
Thou madest to me, when we consented bothe:
To ioyne in one, since thou from that doest flee,

The Gods graunt, I shall reuenged bee.

But sure thy plague, I pitie very sore,
Thy conscience shall, condempne thee eury where,
And like as *Caine*, his life did here abore:
And where he went, he liued still in feare,
Yea so shalbe, the scourge that that thou shalt beare.
And then at length, when none shall ridde thy paine,
Shalt kill thy self, loe so thou shalt be slaine.

These wordes so saied, she flang out of the doore,
With browes ibent, and angrie visage redde,
Wherewith I rose, and lept vpon the floore:
And smote my breast, and hanged doune the hedde,
And yet with paine, I crept into the bedde.
And gaue a sigh, and waked euen so,
And then my dreame, I rouled to and fro.

And as I waied, how clere yet stood my care,
And saw how dreames, prou's oft too true God knowse,
I saied no worde, but still I laye a space:
Till one came in, and fell to brushe my close,
Then so from bedde, a heauie man I rose.
Mis doubtyng still, though yet full clere I was,
Least some ill chaunce, might bryng my dreame to pas.

FINIS.

Of a harde worlde.

HArdnesse is hedstrong, and will not be hampred,
Larges straite laced, and Pride to mutche pampred:
Spende all with sparyng, is so well acquainted,
That libyall frec harts, in shrine maie be sainted.
Holdfast will giue nought, wealth semeth needy,
Well hedde is stopped, full mouthes are greedy:
Leane files are feedyng, that long hath been pined,
None maie be lookt too, till honger hath dined.

Stande

Standbacke saieth stoutnesse, let freends be first placed,
Flattrars are saured, and trothe still defaced:
Peane well the harmlesse, is euer kept fastyng,
Doe wrong dreeds nothyng, the death euerlastyng.
Feare nought speeds better, then doubt of offendyng,
Warre all that michar, thinks nere of a mendyng:
Conscience can catche all, yet talke muche of *Iesu*,
Neede helpe who listeth, ye finde fewe that ease you.
Hye office forgetteth, loe frends that nere failed,
Tyme paste nothyng thought on, when some wept and wailed:
Seeke praies can promes, and swiftly repents hym,
When ye call on hym, full close he absents hym.
Newe sleights vnsaury, is now the ryng leader,
Old trothe small set by, that was the true treader:
Vertue abused, the worlde ouer floweth,
What this will come to, at length the Lorde knoweth.
Mischeef thus Maister, men bent to sutche madnesse,
Maie change ere we ween, our mirthe to great sadnesse.

FINIS.

Made against Idell and vain Rimes.

APenne employed to vertues thyngs,
a croune of glory gains,
But idell verse small profite bryngs,
the ynke but paper stains:
And fills the worlde with follie greate,
that springs on fancies fitts,
Whiche blotts good name, and dulls the minde,
and doeth abuse the witts.
The wanton ryme for reatchlesse youth, a pleasant bable is,
Or els a Lanterne voide of light, that leads poore Lambs a mis:
What shame is this to here how men, hath loste their sence for loue,
And daiely dye in leude desiers, that doeth mutche mischeef moue.
What fondnesse can be more then that, when louers saie lo here,
The Goddes of my life and death, and ground of gladsome chere:
What blasphemie is it to call, a creature by that name,

Which God hymſelf of right ſhould beare, and beſt deſerues the ſame.
Put vp your pennes you Poets vaine, that piuiſhe rimes doe make,
For ſhame leaue of your *Venus* ſongs, that keepeth vice awake:
Flyng all your Fables in the fire, and followe vertues loze,
That plants the perfite feare of God, where vice was graft before.
His feare kepes kyngs & kyngdomes vp, and ſendeth ſubiects peace,
For bleſſe he but the barrain ſoile, there eche thyng doeth increace:
The feelds doe floziſhe full of cozne, the Harueſt is full greate,
The emptie Barnes maie plentie crie, and hongrie findeth meate.
If men did waie what wealth doeth riſe, by feare of God alone,
(And what faire works true wiſedoms frame, vpō the cozner ſtone)
Thei would no other buildyngs make, noz ron and gad ſo faſte,
To toyes and trifles any where, whoſe bloſomes maie not laſte.
Wherefoze awaie with wanton traſhe, ſutche ware is waren ſtale,
Shut vp your ſhopps you Printers all, that ſetts vain Rimes to ſale:
And looke vpon the booke of life, and there your cumyng ſhowe,
For all the reſt but ſhadowes are, as wozthie heads doe knowe.

FINIS.

Of the Vanitie of youth.

WHen I wanton beardleſſe boye,
became firſt *Venus* thrall,
My cheeks were ſmoth, my browes full plain,
and rounde as tennis ball:
My face well filde with liuely blood,
as youth did paint me out,
With curled heare mutche like the graſſe,
that in the Spryng doeth ſpzout.
With Spakhauks eyes in fozhed ſet, bothe graye and gredie eke,
And euery member furniſht well, there was no thyng to ſeke:
With harte as merry as the birde, that ſyngs on eury ſpzaie,
With body cled in diuers hewes, as freſhe as flowze in Maie.
But all theſe beuties tooke their leaue, from me a long tyme ſence,
And in their place is come a geaſte, I can not tell from whence:
But lodge he doeth within my bones, thei call hym Age I trowe,
A droupyng ſnogg that on his backe, hath fardells full of woe.

Who

Who will I will I muſt I beare, and yet it lames me mutche,
My ſhulders maie my fingers curſe, when thei the packe did toutche:
With ſtoupyng doune to take it vp, my youth I haue let fall,
And after youth went my delits, and body pleaſures all.
For furred garments now I call, that did in Girkin Jette,
And fire muſt kepe me from the Froſt, or els no warmth I gette:
The blood forſakes the outward parts, and paleneſſe there remains,
With feuers cold and crampyng ſtitche, are ſhronken vp my vaines.
The ſkinne lyes flat on eury ioynt, vnſemely to your ſight,
And I vnfit for *Venus* ſprots, by daie or candell light:
With eye delits I feede my luſte, and couetyng deſire,
But when I ſhould maintaine the flame, I giue but ſmoke for fier.
My hollowe lookes maks ſome to laugh, ẏ hears my youthfull tong,
When that for age and aking limmes, my knell might well be rong:
I call my reatchleſſe yeres to count, whoſe reckning fears my witts
For he that maie controll, the ſame, within my conſcience ſitts.
And ſaieth my dallyng daies are doen, as grauer yeres encreace,
So ſhould I leaue my former vice, and all my follie ſeace:
Whereat I waie my ſhort tyme here, my leude life long abuſde,
And to the glas I ſtept to ſee, how youth hath me refuſde.
As Peacocke then letts fall his taile, that his black feete hath ſeen,
So caſt I doune my painted ſheath, that once was gaie and green.
And welcome ſaie I ſiluer heares, your hoary colour white,
Hath ouercome my youthfull yeres, and quenched my delite.

FINIS.

Written of a gentleman, whoſe name is in the verſes.

MY happ was good, to finde a frende,
of ſutche ripe ſence and ſkill,
As could deſerne by deepe foreſight,
the weight of my good will:
The welcome greate, for ſmall deſarts,
and frendly fauour found,
Hath ſhriend my harte in Lambeth houſe,
and there my bodie bound.

Churchyardes Chance.

E nroule my name, emong thoſe frẽndes, of whom a count ye make
W aie well my woords, and as you doe, of woorks ſome triall take:
P aies eury promes paſte my mouthe, and you muſte looke for then,
A deeper draught and higher ſtile, to come from *Churchyards* pen.
R eceiue in gree, the offred gift, that Newe yeres daie brings forthe,
(*K* eepe theſe bare verſes as a pledge, of matter muche more worthe)
A nd you ſhall heare the hammers beate, & thompe out other newes,
R eleef is come to heauie hedde, and comforts now my mewes.
G on is the greeſly gloumyng daie, that kept the Sonne in ſhade,
O ut ſtepps my hope with ſailes a flant, that earſt no triumph made:
D iſpaire hath drounde hymſelf in ſeas, and as cold courage ſailde,
G ood Pilotts came and ſturde the ſterne, and ſo my Ship preuailde.
I f *Silla* and *Charibdes* clines, could threaten my decaie,
V aine were the braggs of ruſtie rocks, and mountains all I ſaie:
E xcept the Gods doe froune on me, the ſtraits I minde to pas,
T hough ſhipp be forſte to trie the tides, where neuer ſhip man was:
H it glads me muche, that I ſhall ſaile, with winde & weather bothe,
E nbarkt with thoſe that order keepes, and holds by right and trothe.
G iue ſea roune Lorde in ſtormes diſtreſſe, if any tempeſt ries,
R etourne I will not till it ſeems, my barke ſhall touche the Skies:
A louſe ye mates, ron from the ſhore, my voiage holde I on,
C ome from your cabbens ſoldiours all, ere that the tide be gon:
E ncreace your wealth, and worke a puſhe, whiles others looke vpõ.

Finis.

Non eſt fides ſuper terram.

THere is no faithe, vpon the yearth,
as faithe was wont to bee,
For faithe with fraude and fineneſſe now,
hath chopt and changde degree:
Faithe is a firme and faſte beleef,
that firſt from vertue came,
And fraude and fineneſſe is a wolfe,
that looketh like a Lamme.
Then where is faſt beleef my frends, that neither faints nor quails,
But fineneſſe is not farre to ſeke, and fraude you knowe preuails:

So as the Psalme affirmes & showes, no faithe on yearth we finde,
This hollow world, & hatefull daies, shews nought but hollow mind:
We stretch out words, as farre as wit, and skill of man maie reach,
As though in deede a subtell Fore, before the Geese should preache:
But of good woorkes we are so spare, we laie them vp in store,
As though thei should take leaue of world, and should be sæn no more.
Thus faithe is fled, or tree is dedde, that should beare fruit ye knowe,
Then trust no bowe, that bings but leau's, and blossoms for a show:
Belæue no goodly painted postes, that rotten are within,
Belæue no flirying fained face, nor sleeke and smothed skin:
Belæue no courtlike kissyng hands, and bowyng bodie doune,
Beleeue no false dissemblyng browes, that ought of Nature froune.
Beleeue no othes nor promes parcht, and pearcd with desaite,
Beleeue not those that feeds thine eyes, with sweete & pleasant baite:
Beleeue no tune that likes the eare, and doeth displease thine harte,
Beleeue not hym, on stage that plaies, the merrie vises parte.
Beleeue no freend that faines too fast, he meanes to make thee faule,
Beleeue no sweete and sugred speache, for therein lyes the Gaule:
Beleeue no more then good is found, for badde is moste in place,
And goodnesse in this graceleſſe tyme, the people least embrace:
On yearth there is no faithe God wott, for closely vnder tong,
The snake doeth lodge, the serpẽts crepe, & there mans hart is stõg.
I could showe heaps of mischeeu's greate, that follows mã frõ birth,
But to the wise, let this suffice, there is no faithe on yearth.

Finis.

Of a disdainfull person.

DIsdaine in thee doeth spot thee mutche,
Whose blot I see, within thy browe,
No nother faulte, in thee I toutche:
Of vertues all, thou hast inowe,
Then let no braunche, of vice in thee,
In fecte the fruite of sutche a tree.

For swellyng hate, doeth purches foes,
And fretts the minde, with gnawyng thought,

And harmeleſſe lookes, embraſeth thoſe:
Whoſe loue for gold, can not be bought,
And courteous ſpeeche, doeth freendſhip ſtaie,
That froward woords, doeth caſt awaie.

Thou ſeeſt the fire, conſumes his heate,
With ragyng flames, that ſoone are gon,
The greene wood ſmoks, awaie with ſweate:
And warms them not, that laies it on,
So thou with ſcorne, of angers mood,
But fumes thy ſelf, and doeth no good.

Thou ſeeſt alſo, the cankered knife,
With ruſte and filth, defaced cleane,
What bale begums, and breeds through ſtrife:
Thou ſeeſt and knowſt, now what I meane,
By this thou ſeeſt, whiche is moſte meete,
The bitter gall, or Suger ſweete.

When wrathe is ſpente, with ore long ſpight,
And no reuenge, thou haſte thereby,
Then ſhalt thou loſe, my freendſhip quight:
A faſter freend, then ſhall I trye,
Now whiles thou haſte, the choice of twoo,
Doe knitt the knott, or els undoo.

Finis.

A letter to maiſter Creſſie.

WHere firſt I footyng founde,
and fancie fauour ſought,
And offred faithe with greate eſtates,
a free acceſſe had wrought:
I meane emong the rocks,
bothe rough and harde by kinde,
Where ſtormes doe ſtriue and weather beats,
for eury blaſte of winde.

Where

Where growes no Grapes for wine, to glad the griped brest,
Nor deintie heads ne wearie bones, finds bedds of Doune to rest:
I once againe doe staye, and loe suche harber haue,
As wandryng yers and tossed daies, amid greate tempests craue.
Full long before this tyme, as Court did me deceaue,
In countrey close emong sharpe shrubs, I shapt by bones to leaue:
But dazeled dum delights, did drawe my bodie thence,
And cleane bewitcht wilde wandryng witts, where I haue wisht me
Yet as with piuishe pompe, did Pilgrime wearie ware, (sence:
And knowledge sawe the cuttyng curbs, of conning courtly knacks.
I iudgde what diffrence was, betwene the mountaines hye,
And carpetts fine where flatterers flocke, & depe disdaine doeth lye:
And smotheyp mischeef smiles, yet leanes on Ladies lappes,
And at rebound ere ball come doune, can snatch vp worldly happes:
The massie mountaine greate, that mossie mantell weares,
Breeds no sutche goates nor grimmyng kidds, nor fostereth no sutche
For there poore people plaine, in ragged garments goe, (feares.
And loues the blunt and blotlesse life, and hates the painted showe:
And feeds as thei doe liue, not farcst with falshodd fine,
Nor pampred vp with Frenche conceipts, & mightie Spanish wine:
No crafte nor cautell creeps, in cuppes of cold sowre whaie,
For gilded gobblet hides the harmes, that glasse will soone bewraie.
So saied I long ere this, so sweare I now withall,
So some haue founde ere *Cæsars* daies, in goodly golden hall:
O welcome witte well bought, though deere I paied for thee,
Thou bringst for losse of tyme at Court, in countrey gaine to me.
Where now myne aged limmes, must grace or graue abide,
And Peacocke gaie let fall his plumes, for all his pompe and pride:
And where a harber good, I hope my Barke hath founde,
Where ship shall still finde flood at will, whē thousands are a groūd.

Finis.

A speciall trifle on a fickle woman.

When pleasure could no more desire, & will his wish had won,
When fancie past the flaming fire, and loue his race had ron:
Whē eury ioy þ hart would haue, in gladsom brest was foūd

And nothing lackte that loue could craue, to ſalue a feſtred wound.
When ſuites were hanged on ẏ hedge, and plaints were out of place,
And liking great gaue faith in pledge, ẏ pains ſhould purches grace:
Naie rather when the fruite was had, that growes on top of tree,
And claſpyng hande tooke by good happ, the Honie from the Bee:
And eight yeres trothe was thoughly tried, a proffe not cõmon ſure,
(That any hauke the pearche would bide, or like ſo long on lure:)
Then fickle freaks made Hagard loer, and ſhakte of bells in ſpite,
And plainly ment to come no more, for Gill would plaie the Kite.
Her freend but paſt the fomyng ſeas, and hence a ſpace remainde,
But Gill would needs to take her eaſe, for pleaſure be retainde:
An other where, O iudge my freends, what wrong I ſuffer here,
And let the dealyngs of vs bothe, before the worlde appere.

FINIS.

Verſes written on the Muſter that was made by the Penſioners before the Queene.

AS *Mars* begamme to bende his browe,
and Soldiours ſought for warre,
And *Vulcane* made the armour ſhine,
as bright as *Venus* ſtarre:
I liſtned to the Trompet loude,
that ſounds a bloodie blaſte,
And ſo emong the Parciall men,
an armed Pike I paſte.
Now whether goes this noble crue, qᵗ I O liuely boyes,
Leaue of ſaied witt ſuche leaude demaunds, ſuffice to heare the noies:
Of Drom and Trompet in the feeld, and marche without delaye,
Be pleaſde to ſerue when Prince doeth call, content thee wᵗ thy paie.
On went the clattryng harnes ſtreight, and vp to horſe we mount,
The Muſter maiſter and his clarke, came bothe to take a count:
Of all the poulls that paſte in ranke (like Soldiours for the broile,)
And paied them wages by the monthe, that els would liue by ſpoile.
It was an other worlde to ſe, the bands how trim thei weare,
And eury one in collours gaie, his owne deuice did beare:
Upon the barbs that ſeru's for ſhocke, whē trompet ſlaughter ſoūds,

And

And Cannon shot like tennis balls, in Soldiours lapps rebounds:
A goodly troupe of armed men, did passe the Muster thoe,
Whiche was to freend as glad a sight, as fearfull to the foe.
I sawe a sacred Sibbell sage, (attired in mournyng weeds,)
Sitte sadly in her Cotche the while, to see the fomyng steeds:
That plaied vpon the pleasant Bitte, and bore the hedde so braue,
As though their lookes to coward mindes, a tremblyng terror gaue.
These Palfraies praunced ore the plaine, and on their backs did ride,
In warlike sort a worthie bande, that well the horse could gide:
Some for deuise in firie flames, were painted finely then,
And so about the smothryng smoke, there was some arte of pen.
And some weare all embrued in blood, a badge of warre ye wotte,
That Soldiours for reward of toile, in feeld haue often gotte:
Some leaned vnto pillars large, some lacked propps to staie,
Some lighted candells at a torche, whose Lamps did burne awaie.
Some flue wt wings as *Cupid* doth, some to the clouds would clime,
Some hedlong fell into the seas, thus loe as seru'd the tyme:
Thei drue in collours their deuice, the showe was so sett out,
It me amasde and many more, that there did gase about.
But yet I markt a freend of myne, full richly trimde and cled,
Who shone as bright as *Phebus* doeth, amid his golden bed:
He satte all closed in a hope, and leaned on his arme,
As though he feard some outward happ, or felt some inward harme.
And to declare some odde conceipt, of fancies falne in thought,
As he this tyme was deckt in gold, and robes full finely wrought:
The next daie after came he in, as he some freend had loste,
For horse and man was throughly turnde, to black frō gold emboste.
I dreamed on that straunge deuise, when I came home at night,
And rouled vp and doune in hedde, the noble warlike sight:
That I had seen the daie before, and in my sweuen thoe,
Me thought that *Cupid* with a dart, gaue this blacke knight a blowe.
That pearced through his coate of steele, and stroke hym ded withall,
Yet *Venus* staied hym in her hande, as he to ground did fall:
O bloodie boye what hast thou doen, ꝙ she to *Cupid* streight,
Thou shalt no more be *Venus* sonne, (by all the Gods on height.)
I sweare, a vaunt out of my sight, this man shall lue againe,

Whereat the luke warme blood began, to comfort eury vaine:
And gaspyng wide a breath he tooke, and so recoured there,
I cried a loude amid my slepe, and wakened with the feare.
Loe what it is to rouue abroad, where Marciall people bee,
It makes men dreame of buggs and bears, & things that thei did see:
Yet suer well worthe the lookyng on, the sight was that I sawe,
I tell you trothe a fewe such bands, would kepe our foes in awe.
And beautifie bothe court and feeld, and win our lande mutche fame,
In happie howre the Pensionars here, did first begin their name:
In happie tyme the Prince did place, such pyes about the state,
I saie no more in eury cace, God giue them happie fate.

FINIS.

Written of the Queene, when her highnesse was in trouble.

Mistrust not trothe, that truely meanes,
for eury gellows freake,
In stead of wrong condempne not right,
no hidden wrathe to wreake:
Looke on the light of faultlesse life,
how bright her vertues shine,
And measure out her stepps eche one,
by leauell and by line.
Deem eache desart by vpright gesse, whereby your praise shall liue,
Emallice would be matcht with might, let hate no iudgemẽt giue:
Enforce no feare with wrestyng witts, in quiet conscience breste,
Leane not your ears to busie tongs, whiche breedeth mutche vnreste:
In doubtfull drifts wade not to farre, it wearies but your minde,
Searche not to know ỹ secret hart, whose thoughts are hard to finde.
Avoide frõ you those hatefull hedds, whiche helps to heape mishaps,
Be slowe to heare the flattrars voice, who creepeth in your laps:
Embrace their lou's that wills you good, & sporne not at their praies
Trust not to mutche vnto your selues, for tickle are your staies.
How should your seate be settled sure, or stande on stedfast grounde,
So propped vp with hollowe harts, whose suretie is vnsounde:
Giue faithe to those that feares for loue, and not that loue for feare,

Regard

Regard not those that force compells, to please you eury where:
All this well waied and borne awate, shall stablishe long your state,
Continually, with parfite peace, in spite of poysyng hate.

Finis.

Verses giuen the Quenes highnesse at Windsor.

MY penne doeth quake in tremblyng hande,
as harte discouraged weare,
My mewes me failes, my sences blushe,
my skill creepes backe for feare:
To write the verse that duetie craues,
O Lodestarre clere of light,
Whose beautie dims the Sonne by daie, & darks the Moone by night.
Thou wretched mã call home those works, þ careiesse bore thy name
And lift the purest of those lines, this verse of newe to frame:
You Poets all of this ripe age, who hath the cumyng braines,
Come moist my drie & dulled pen, with your sweete flowyng vaines.
For I write not of yearthly mould, this is some sparke deuine,
The selfsame Goddes as I gesse, pleased *Parris* eyne:
Yea *Pallas* witte, and *Iunoes* praise, this *Venus* leaues awaie,
Th'aple of gold she hath possest, in scorne of who saie naie.
Praise not your ladies where she comes, ye courtiers for your liues,
Boste not in little flowryng Nimphs, in maids ne married wiues:
Except you minde to answere this, before hye Ioue in Skyes,
Whose Iustice will giue sentence sure, against your blinded eyes.
A sacred Queene, a stately port, what neede I cloke it more,
Hath won the fame of beauties boste, when she least lokes therefore:
And least acount of beautie makes, for loe full deepe in breste,
Her vertues blome, her gifts doe budde, her heauenly graces rest.
Whiche is the marke my pen shotes at, if witte maie bring aboue,
To spread her sutche eternall fame, as worlde shall nere wipe out:
A further gift shall tyme vnfolde, if this maie fauour finde,
As stateller stile, and higher verse, shall serue the makers minde.

After this was deliuered, all my deuises and showes in progresses euery where, attended to no other purpose, but for the honouryng of her highnesse moste excellent vertues. *Finis.*

Churchyardes Chance.

A Newe yeres gift to the Erle of Ormond, giuen at Kilkennie, when the Erle of Essex was in Irelande.

N auncient gise hath been,
this daie for diuerse drifts,
(Emong our freends to wishe good yere,)
and giue some Newe yeres gifts:
Yea of the meanest man,
the greatest Prince will take,
And none that can conceiue good will,
doe freendly gifts forsake.
And sure this custome old, in Court full long I kept,
Till close in bosome like a Snake, cold thankelesse harts were crept:
But when I sawe them swell, and looke for richer ware,
(Yea gape for brauer blossoms gaie, thã barrain branch could spare)
I helde my talent deere, and sette my penne a side,
As one that scorne to sowe good corne, and reape dis dainfull Pride:
Perhapps some iudged streight, this was a crauyng kinde,
And eager hauke for pleasaunt praie, did houer in the winde.
I aunswere those conceits, let it be tried and founde,
That euer to the plaiers hands, did any baule rebounde:
Or euer any wight, for twentie yeres deuice,
Gaue one good tourne, or yelded thyng, of any fame or price.
Then let me beare the blame, of crauer in this cace,
O my good Lorde, who blusheth not, before the niggards face:
To showe an emptie bagge, why all our countrey knowes,
That Carpet knights could neuer spare, the droppyng of their nose.
And Courtiars at receipt, doe lye them selu's as nere,
As comyng dogge that drawes a sute, and pouleth doen the dere:
Then this must noted be, that all the paines I tooke,
Of faithfull mynde must needes arise, and not of greedy looke.
Whiche minde awakes me now, to hayles a noble wight,
With welcome home, and crie all haile, *Achilles* Warriall knight:
Yea mightie *Mars* hym selfe, thy countrey can recorde,
When oft from feeld thou hast retourned, a victor and a Lorde,
That lande is thryfolde blest, that many such the can showe,

That

That prince full saffe shall slepe in rest, that can bid sutche men goe:
To serue, when neede requires, though hate would hide the same,
Who well deserues should well belike, eche man ought haue his fame
Eche thing ought be esteemd, as loe the valure is.
I knowe no other name for gold, but gold, then note well this,
I flourishe not with penne, to faune or flatter here:
For if I finde with baser bruite, ye doe begin this yere:
And noble nature change, and tourne to other trade,
An other kinde of nippyng verse, be sure, there shalbe made.
For vertues sake a lone, I honour you in deede,
So take the gift and waie it well, and doe these verses reede:
And where the minde is fraught, with any sparke of grace,
Redouble that, so *Churchyards* verse, shall honor *Ormonds* race.

FINIS.

I A touche stone to trie an error from a trothe.

IF I maie aske, and you maie tell,
I praie you let me knowe,
Why are so fewe, prefarde in Court,
yet thether still we goe:
Why wanders worlde, where charge is greate,
and chance is hardly wonne,
The ritche and wise, exchaunge their wealthe,
for shadowes in the Sonne.
Why spend thei heaps of weightie wealth, for toies and trifles light,
Where times and howres doe alter still, and daie is tourn'd to night:
Good diet changde to baseste chere, good tourns to badd disgrace,
Good words to taũts, good works to wiles, & plaimes finds no place
Come men to gaze, and not to get, to spende and not to spare,
To rise with pomp, and fall in debt, and ruine ere thei beware:
That bagge & bare reward can court, thee giue to keepe thee warme,
But vnder that cold courtly knacke, there lyes a further harme.
To countrey in thine youth or age, thou must retourne againe,
Where lands are sold, & rents are shronk, in seams of garmẽts vaine:
Then tell me what good happ in court, thou founds or left behinde,

Churchyardes Chance.

Naie thou hast brought a corzie thence, that nere shall out of minde.
For whiche the worlde shall point at thee, whē scarce well worth a pin
Yong maister is for all his pompe, and braury he was in:
In court if Cocke be tournd from thee, the spring will ron awrie,
Admit at Well thou wilt not drawe, thou goest to please thine eye.
What are the sports and pleasures there, is waityng sutche an ease,
Is staryng on the twinklyng starrs, a thing that maie thee please:
Is Flattrie to be followd so, is Fineneſſe sutthe a saint,
That plainneſſe must from coūtrey go, and learne in court to paint.
O blinde beleef, and boldneſſe greate, that thinks gaie golden hall,
The gladsome seate of sweete content, and worldly glories all:
Who sailes the Seas, and sees the waw's, and surges rise a loft,
Will wishe amid those striuyng streams, his feete on lande full oft.
But when bigge bounsyng bellowe beats, against bare rotten barke,
(And ship is tost with tomblyng tides, in Winter nights full darke:)
Farewell freshe water soldiour streight, thy harte or gaule is broke,
Thy bodie would be in a moode, at home by chimneis smoke.
The Court to Sea I doe compare, where calme aperes long while,
(And frēds that tourns w fortunes whele, in face will laugh & smile:)
But let them once but see the lacke, the calmie clouds will lowre,
And braueſt speeche, and sweeteſt words, will turne to bitter sowre.
He seru's not one, but waites on all, that there would placed bee,
And bounde he is at becke and call, to hye and loe degree:
Now trudge and trott at one mans heeles, then to an other streight,
Not that good happ is got with witt, and fauour comes by sleight.
But for one man, hath but one voice, and seldome speake he will,
To doe thee good except sutche speeche, proceeds of deeper skill:
But my demaund is why doeſt thou, that maieſt frō court liue well,
Desire to chaunge thy heauens blis, to feele the paines of hell.
First all thy sailes must be a flant, that ship full winde maie haue,
Is that no paine to clap on clouts, and make free minde a slaue:
Nert must thou waite, & stande full still, or turne like wether cocke,
Where eury thing that thou doeſt craue, is vnder double locke.
Then for thy foode thou muſt make sute, or thrust amid the throng,
Where alwaies those that beſt deſerue, doe suffer greateſt wrong:
On saltyng daies, thy purse is plaegde, when triumphs comes adue,

Auoide

Auoide the preace, the Court throughout, is filde with faces newe.
When strangers come, the people swarme, like Bees about ỹ hiue,
Then maiest thou not in Court be bold, nor yet with stranger striue:
To tablyng houses hye thee then, so purse doeth neuer reste,
And he is at no lettle charge, in Court that speedeth beste.
Then tell what byngs thee thether thus, perharps faire goodly shose
Whose beauties passeth as a flowre, and withers like a Rose:
Naie Tom will be a luskie boye, and knowne for credite sake,
Emong the beste that of hye harts, a good a count maie make.
Why Court makes not but of a fewe, and those I saie are thei,
That holds w Hare, and hunts with hound, & goes with game awey
If that but fewe in Court doe thriue, why doe sutche nombers flock,
Where fortune borrows all thei haue, and paies them with a mocke.
If ten within one Princes raigne, the Court doeth well aduaunce,
Ten score comes home by weping crosse, or finds but croked chance:
A yere or twoo might well suffice, to trie what grace will growe,
A longer tyme but breeds an ebbe, where Fortunes flood should flow.
To tarry till our tyme ronnes out, that none can call againe,
Is losse of wealthe, and spoile of witt, and breake of slepe and brayne:
Some happly for thy shape or sence, in Court maie make the staie,
But bite not at those baited hookes, whose net fine fishe betraie.
Some offers helpe that lou's greate trains, and would be waited on,
Sutche feede themselfs with newe consaits, when old deuice is gon:
And leads poore yongtyngs like the lambs, ỹ must go suck the eawes
Seeke not in Court for suche fine frends, but shrine suche saincts for shreaus.
Some neither tells what thei will doe, nor will doe aught at all,
Yet giueth hope to hapleste men, and so letts fauour fall:
Emong them catche it who that can, as good take smoke from fire,
(Or shadowe from the shinyng Sonne,) as by that waie aspire.
Some are not to be spoken with, but those haue cunnyng shifts,
To driue out tyme, and lengthen suits, with long delaies and drifts:
Some speake thee faire to sucke out sapp, frō goodly blooming tree,
So traps the sillie hongrie Mouse, whose haste no harmes can see.
When thou hast spied these sorts of men, and found muche labor lost,
Why dost thou by thy courtyng thus, with suche great charge & cost:
I aske where many are vndoen, why doe the rest repaire,

Churchyardes Chance.

For them that seeketh to be solde, it is no common faire:
Nor common plot to feede vpon, if nagge be leane before,
Court rather is a pretious place, that still maintaines the store.
A priuate soile to fatte a fewe, that happ hath hedged in,
A ground for those that from their birthe, hath alwaies happie bin:
The greatest nomber haue great scoupe, and roulm enough at will,
Where thei maie grosly pike vp cromes, or feede on grasse their fill.
A dishe and daintie of the Court, no meate for mowers is,
Then why to court doeth come suche preace, I praie you tel me this:
Greate nombers haue been spoiled there, and fewe in deede prefard,
But suche as would thought best vpon, and Gods thē selues regard.
Full fortie yeres by tourne and tymes, the Court I haunted haue,
And still in hope of doyng well, I thought desarts should craue:
Now wrote I Rimes, then made I bokes, then song before the best
Made plaies in peace, and for the warres, a soldiour ready prest.
In eury Prograsse nere the Prince, with some newe odde deuice,
A merrie Christmas man at home, not stately, strange, nor nice:
But glad to please and purchace frends, and yet for all these things,
My bells are of, and I abroad, maie flie if I had wings:
O gallants gaie when your ritche robes, begins to change their hue,
The Court will hang the hed a side, and bidde you all *adue*.
Youth lasts not long, age sone decaies, and goes like candell out,
To fall of leafe ech fruite shall yeeld, that earst in spring did spout:
But as newe parts and plaiers still, stepps vp vpon the stage,
So gallants to the Court will come, and did in eury age.
But I mutche muse, why people swarme, where suretie is vnsound,
And fewe are helpt, & thousadns haue, mutche sharpe misfortune found.

FINIS.

For the losse of a mightie and noble mannes fauour.

IF teares maie trie my truthe,
that trickle doune my cheeks,
Or if good will by proofe be knowne,
in yeres, in daies, or weeks:
Then doe I wrong receiue,

Where

where freendſhip craue I moſte,
And where in deede with eury ſtorme, my veſſell hath been toſte.
And thorough the tempeſts all, my ſhip hath ſafly ſailde,
And yet no ſeas might hurt my Barke, my hope hath ſo preuailde:
O helpe you Courtiars now, and Soldiours eury chon,
To waile my plage and preſent ſtate, my Fortune fled and gon.
And waile this wofull worlde, wherein moſte freends doe faint,
And namely ſutche as trackt of tyme, hath taught by tongs to paint.
And promeſd more by words, then will or worke performs,
Sutche haue the kirnells eaten all, and are the greedy worms:
That gnawes the harts of men, in peeces eury daie,
And ſutche haue ledde my ſhipp alas, a wearie wilſome waie.
From whence if I retourne, I ſhall but wander ſtill,
And finde no ſeas to ſaile vpon, that maie content my will:
Fie on my countrey ſoile, there is no ſuretie founde,
A chanceleſſe race myne age muſt trie, amid a doubtfull grounde.
Here haue I hoiſte my ſaile, as hie as winde can blowe,
Here had I freends whoſe nodd or becke, a worlde maie ouerthrowe:
And ſtill my ſtaiyng ſtaffe, did ſtande by one alone,
Whoſe gentill harte is now become, as hard as Marble ſtone.
To me the cace is ſutche, the miſcheef ſo is mine,
When I am worne vnto the bones, he letts me ſtarue and pine:
And letts me ſinck or ſwim, or ſhift by ſleight of hraine,
As though my hedde ſo gameſome were, to ſet on eury maine.
Thus freendſhip feble growes, and men can cauſleſſe change,
And will this daie familiar be, and waxe to morne full ſtrange:
I will goe ſeke for Fate, thorough floods and ſalt ſea ſome,
And rather dye on wretched rocks, then periſhe here at home.
Emong my cheefeſt freends, amid my natiue ſoile,
Where neuer earſt in any point, I ſuffred blot or foile:
Where all the worlde maie ſee, I ſucke vp many a wrong,
Where well awaie the ritche maie thinke, a poore man liu's to long:
Where let my truthe be tried, I clame no ſmall reward,
And where if fortune doe me right, the prince ought me regard.

FINIS.

Churchyardes Chance.

Verſes that were giuen to the Quenes maieſtie.

AS Thonder cracks with horlyng noies,
ronns ratlyng through the Skies,
For feare whereof greate flocks of Sheepe,
to Folde or couert flies:
Or as the dreadfull Iudges voice,
of life ſharpe ſentence giu's,
And cauſeth captiu's quake for feare,
that vnder mercie liu's.
So hearyng from your highneſſe mouth, a worde de wõders weight,
Like hound I clapped doume my eares, & coutcht in kenell ſtreight:
And droupyng in this worlds diſdain, that drounds eche good deſart,
I ſuckt vp ſighes as ſorrowe ſhapt, to breake a bliſtred harte.
Yet grippyng greef in gronyng breſt, bred no ſutche ſwellyng ſore,
But ſalue of ſweete contented minde, had healed long before:
Though nere the dongeon of diſpaire, in darckneſſe did I dwell,
And *Caron* came with carefull boate, to rowe me doune to hell.
I held my hands to heauen hye, where hope and helpe is had,
And ſo apeald to hym aboue, that heauie minds maie glad:
Feare not (ꝙ he) of froward Fate, that faſt on people fauls,
Nor ſhon not (for a cottage poore) the princely golden hauls.
In Court thou ſhalt thy credite ſecke, for ſhe who ſcepter beares,
Shall ſhowe thee fauour when I liſt, and looke vpon thy teares:
Her iudgement tries the gold frõ drоſſe, & where doeth vertues bud,
She frankly ſpeaks and frely giu's, and flings forthe worldly good.
When he that rules the hartes of kyngs, had told this tale to me,
To court I came for cauſe well knowne, and knelyng on my kne:
At cloſet dore where Prince doeth paſſe, to praier mildly than,
I found by words and gracious lookes, I was a happie man.
O bleſſed be that cherefull browe, where *Phebus* beams did ſhine,
And euerlaſtyng light remaine, amid thoſe bleſſed eyne:
That like the ſtarrs or Lampe of daie, that blaſeth broad in Skies,
Doeth driue darke clouds & night awaie, whẽ bloſtryng blaſts ariſe.
And as there burns greate gifts of grace, in her like candle clere,
So God vphold her bleſſed face, emong vs many a yere.

Finis.

Of

A rebuke to vaine louers.

WHy art thou bounde, that maiest bee free,
Shall reason yeeld, to ragyng will:
Is thraldome like, to libertee,
Wilt thou exchange, the good for ill.
Then must thou learne, a childishe plaie,
And of eche smart, to taste and proue,
When lookers on, shall iudge and saie:
Loe this is he, that liu's by loue.

Thy witts with thought, shall stande at staies,
Thyne hedde shall haue, but heauie rest:
Thyne eyes shall watche, for wanton waies,
Thy tongue shall showe, thy harts request.
Thyne ears shall heare, a thousande naies,
Thyne hande shall put thy penne to paine:
But in the ende, thou shalt dispraise,
Thy life so spent, for suche small gaine.

First cast the care, and count the coste,
And waie what fraude, in loue is founde:
Then after come, and make thy boste,
And showe some cause, why thou art bounde.
When that the wine, hath ronne full lowe,
Thou shalt be glad, to drinke the lyes:
And basse the flesshe, full oft I knowe,
That hath been blowne, with many flyes.

If loue and lust, might neuer cope,
And youth might ronne, in measures race,
Or if long suite, might winne sure hope,
I would lesse blame, a louers cace.
But loue is greate, with hotte desire,
And sweete delite, maks youth so fonde:
That little sparks, doe proue greate fire,

And bryngs free harts, to endlesse bonde.

We se where greate deuotion is,
The people creepe, and kisse the crosse:
Wherefore I finde, lesse faute with this,
Though fondlyngs gilde, a bridells bosse.
The foole his bable will not change,
Not for the scepter of a kyng:
A louers life, is nothyng strange,
For yong men seeks no other thyng.

FINIS.

¶ *Of fained frendshippe.*

IN freends are found a heape of doubts,
that double dealyng vse,
A swarme of sutche I could finde out,
whose crafte I could accuse:
A face for loue, a harte for hate,
those faunyng freends can beare,
A tong for trothe, a hedde for whiles,
to fraude the simple eare.
In humble port is poison packt, that plainnesse can not spie,
Who credits all and can not se, where stingyng serpents lye:
With hastie trust the harmelesst harte, is easily hampred in,
And made beleue it is good Gold, that is but Lead and Tin.
The first deceipt that blears our eyes, is fained faithe profest,
The second trap is gratyng talke, that gropes eche strangers brest:
The third deuice is greetyng words, with collours stretched out,
Whiche bids suspect to feare no snares, nor dread no dangers doubt:
The last and worst is long repaire, that crepes in frendshipps lappe,
And daicly haunt that vnder trust, deuiseth many a trappe:
Loe how false frends can frame a fetche, to win their wills w̄ wiles,
And sause their sleights with sugred sopps, & shadoe hurt w̄ smiles.
To serue their lusts are sondrie sorts, that practise diuerse kinds,
Some carry Honie in their mouths, & venome in their minds.
Thus where that custome woorketh men, in vice and foule abuse,

No

No feare of God nor losse of name, there maners maie reduce:
We thinke the stones within the streete, should crie out at this cace,
And eury one that should them meete, should shon their double face.
FINIS.

Verses that weare giuen to a moste mightie personage.

O Pearlesse Prince, if penne had purchast praise,
My parte was plaied, long since on publike stage:
Sith Leaden worlde, disdaines the golden daies,
With face of Brasse, men must go thyough this age.
Though Poetts prate, like Parret in a cage,
Poore Tom maie sitte, like Crowe vpon a stone,
And cracke harde Nutts, for Almonds sure are gone.

A Figge for verse, and filed gallant stiles,
Whose romblyng noyes, but thonders in the aire:
For pleasant wordes, procures but scorns and smiles,
Or clokes colde showres, in calmie weather faire.
My spiled termes, are drownd in deepe despaire,
Yong witts hath ronne, old *Churchyard* out of breath:
And babblyng bookes, hath ridden Rime to death.

Bothe Prose and Rime, doeth goe a beggyng now,
And Fineneſſe fraes, so sauours on the schoole:
That learnyng leanes, vnto a rotten bowe,
And Science walks, but like a ridyng foole.
Yea tong and penne, are bothe to weake a toole,
To worke for gaine, in greedie worlde God knowes:
Where Fortunes flood, to needlesse riuer goes.

Some drinkes their fill, yet mak's the worlde beleue
Well hedde is drie, where water freely glides:
When poore men weepe, sutche laugh within their sleue
And smothly looke, yet wisely watche their tides.
In brimmest stormes, their Barks at Anker rides,

When fire would burne, so snatche the coales awaie:
If fauour were, in triall as it seems,
The noble Court, a lone were *Churchardes* staie,
The fountaine hedde, where bubblyng springs do plaie,
Is fittest place, for tree but newly cropt:
If Cocke would romne, and Conduit were not stopt.

Who stands belowe, and looks till Apples fall,
(And hopes to eate, that others shaketh doune:)
Is like to catche, a shadowe from a wall,
Or watche a ball, that neuer giu's reboune.
Constrainde to crie, as her that wears the croune,
I waite myne howre, or foorst to parte the lande:
Thus helpelesse man, seek's helpe at *Cæsars* hande.

FINIS.

¶ *The louers of the worlde.*

I See their sleights, and secrete science,
That sues to serue, and are out caste:
I see those Dames, that drawes the lines,
That shutts the netts, when fishe are fast.
I see some stande, and craue a looke,
Like eager haukes, that watche their praie:
For want of baite, thei bite the hooke,
Like louyng wormes, thei spende the daie.

I see some smile, that makes men smart,
Whiche liu's balearnde, in louers lawes:
Yet with their witts, and wilie arte,
With fondlyngs foode, thei feede the Dawes.
Light triflyng toies, will children please,
As well as gold, or pretious stones:
The faunyng whelpps, thinkes them at ease,
When flesh is gone, to gnawe the bones.

I see thee still, and quiet sorte,

This & following pp. transpos'd

When sutche as I, the sturdie tempest tries:
And yeelds to shocks, as swellyng surges ries.

More bold then wise, to trouble *Cæsars* cares,
With bare deuise, and deawe of barraine braine:
But dangers doubt, and dread of further feares,
Bids homely gest, be bolde and plie the maine.
Through hazardes greate, a gobb of gold we gaine,
The Dice must ronne, and sutche as light on lucke:
Haie liue from lacke, and weald this worldly mucke.

The Marchant thriu's, though ventring ship and goods,
(If vessell scape, a flawe or Pirats sleight:)
The Soldiours gaine, their fame by manly moods,
And winns the feeld, where coward dare not feight.
The suter maie, not sleepe in things of weight,
But watche and speake, and venter boldly throwe:
Thei come by fruite, that clims the highest bowe.

Blinde Deastnie deals, the dole when all is done,
Toile reaps but teares, and trothe hath emptie hande:
In vaine the wise, about the worlde doeth roume:
For staie of state, that doeth in Destnie stande.
The hapless then, doeth builde his house on sande,
No penne prenailes, no seruice winns reward:
Till labours long, by Fortune be prefard.

Where Ladders lacke, in vaine the clouds he climes,
No comyng helpes, nor courage can doe good:
At Cannon mouthe, then laye doune idell Rimes,
And win the reste, by death and losse of blood.
Where seas are drie, in vaine we fishe the modd,
Where neither suite, nor seruice getteth grace:
Flie from the foile, and giue fonde Fortune place.

It maie be so, amid the moste extreemes,

When

Whiche sitts and marks, these iangling Iapes:
Yet findeth game, and goodly sport,
To see sutche birds, caught in the snaies.
I see them laugh, when louers lowte,
There doetyng tyme, hath taught them witte:
Who knowes what meanes, bothe sweete and sowre,
Will flie the force, of fancies fitte.

I see some sheepe, but yet no fooles,
Whiche vse to roome, emong the rout:
Yea skilfull scholers, of the schooles,
For thei can chuse, the faireſt out,
The Hunter knowes, the fatteſt Deare,
Amid the heard, where game doeth romme:
These men likewise, as doeth appeare,
Emong the Starrs, findes out the Sonne.

I see how crafte, can cloke his care,
And paint his plaints in paper plaine:
As Marchants doe, set forthe their ware,
And lye full loude, for little gaine.
I see how trothe, would tell his taile,
And through he goes emong the swarme:
I see how beutie makes a staie,
To take yong frie, that thinks no harme.

Mutche more is seen, that scapes myne eyes,
An *Argoes* were, full rare to finde:
This is a glasse, to showe the wise,
That wilfull loue, is euer blinde.
It thinks it doeth, it self so shroude,
That none can see, his trade nor trace:
How should he walke, with in a cloude,
When loue is written in his face.

Finis.

Of

¶ Of a noble mynde.

THe noble minde that scornes to stoupe,
at base and wretched things,
As quicke as thought, mounts vp the Skies,
with swifte aspiryng wings:
Not lookyng doune, to dedde delits,
that drounds the witts in drosse,
(And carries weake and simple brains,
about with mucke and mosse.)
But bearyng harte and hedde so hie, as indgement well maie goe,
The hautie spirit climes through the clouds, & leau's vain world beloe
I meane the manly courage greate, that stoutly striues for state,
Disdains the doltishe dongehill Kites, and flies the Fancons greate.
And commyng once to mountain topp, from whence men se the vale,
A loft it keepes like gallant Barke, that hath a bouncyng gale:
Then clap on cloutes and sea roume seeke, *adue* the doubtfull shore,
In shallowe streame, or riuers small, we harbour ship no more.
To loftie seas whose wawes do worke, with eche small wind ỳ blows
Set course and Barke, that Pilotes sage, maie se how fortune goes:
The minde is base that diggs and delues, where Deastnie scorns to
In highest soiles are heaues sought, on earth is nought but hel. (dwel
Who holds doune hed & hangs the groine, a cowards hart he bears,
He dares not looke on shinyng Sonne, that eury shadowe fears:
His combe is cutte his courage gon, that droupes or takes disgrace,
The medson for a greate mischaunce, is merrie chearfull face.
The sweetest nutts and fairest fruites, from topps of trees we take,
On highest rocks or stately bowes, gaie birds their neasts thei make
And nere the ground tame dawes do breed, & simple doues you finde,
The carrain Crowe flies here beloe, when hauke doeth foer ỳ winde,
Wherefore let noble mindes alone, their course doeth passe our skill:
Their harts are fild with pleasant hops, that feeds their fancies still.

FINIS.

¶ Of doubtfull hope.

HIs hope is harde, that seeks for fire from froste,
And feeds on flames, of eager fancie still:
And sowes in hope, and reapes but labour loste,
And wisheth mutche, and wastes with want of will,
Whose mountyng mynde, builds castles in the aire,
And heauie harte, lyes drounde in deepe dispaire.

O restlesse race, that like the howre glasse ronns,
With grains of greef, and so beginns againe:
O fearfull Fate, that all good Fortune shunns,
Oh torment straunge, that hath no ende of paine.
O dreerie life, that death disires in deede,
Whose twined state, vntwistes like feeble threede.

FINIS.

Of the flantyng worlde.

THis worlde is all a flant,
like Ship full vnder saile,
As swift to gather as the Ante,
and slowe to giue as Snaile:
The Ante in Sommer tyme,
prouides for Winters foode,
The Snaile as slowly doeth he clime, so doeth he little good.
The one learnes man to saue, the other slowly glides,
To bid men worke as tyme thei haue, to walke & watch their tides,
That lesson of the Snaill, is slowlie lookte vnto,
So that this sillie creepyng soule, full little good can doe.
And hourders vp of wealthe, are in the self same plite,
Yet doeth the Ante for deepe foresight, mans iudgement more delite.
But flantyng late came vp, the gise is somewhat newe,
The Rainboes collours doeth it beare, and yet it hath no hewe:
The glorie of the same, tenne thousande stains will take,
And scarce the wisest men doe knowe, of flantyng what to make.
He flants with others flowres, she brau's in boroude weedes,

But

But neuer none could reape good fruite, of ſutche vain rotten ſeedes:
This flantyng ſquares it out, and keeps a cruell coile,
But in the ende this newe founde toye, doth bryng them all to ſpoile,
On braury it begonne, with beggrie ſhall it ende,
This bowe is ſhapte of ſutche a wood, ſhall either breake or bende,
A flant a flant my boyes, but flante to farre farewell,
Make mutche of worlde, ye neither come in heauen nor in hell.
The ſainctes diſdaine your pompe, the Deuills feare your pride,
Then purchace Purgatorie nowe, and there let flantyng bide:
So flounce and flant your fill, good worlde ſhould wearie ware,
Of ſtrange deuiſe that ſturrs the ſtate, to ſtrife through newe founde knacks.

Finis.

Of a fantaſticall dreame taken out of Petrarke.

THe thyng I likte in ſlepe, I founde a dreame vntrue,
What me miſlikt was true, I ſawe with open eyes:
A ſlepe I dreamt and thought, my chere had changed hue,
A wake I felt and founde, my former greef aryes.
You wakened ſenſes now, why heare you not and ſee,
Thoſe things I heard and ſawe, when dreames apperde to mee:
What fooliſhe cuſtome keeps, my wretched eyes accurſte,
In ſlepe to ſee the beſte, awake beholde the worſte.

When pleaſantly I ſlepe, a peace was promiſde me,
When wofully I wakt, my warres renued againe:
When pleaſantly I ſlept, in bliſſe I thought to bee,
When wofully I wakte, of hell I felt the paine.
If truthe annoye me then, and falſhood pleaſe me beſte,
With all my harte I wiſhe, no truthe in me maie reſte:
Since wakyng workes me woe, and ſlepe contents my will,
God graunt I neuer wake, but liue by ſlepyng ſtill.

Thriſe happie are the beaſtes, by ſlombryng ſleepe that liue,
Sixe months in quiet reſt, with eyes icloſed faſte:
I doe not laie ſutche ſlepe, a ſhape of death doeth giue,

Nor

Churchyardes Chance.

For waking repreſent, the life that aye doeth laſte.
Contrary humours loe, poſſes my maſed minde,
In waking death I feele, in ſleeping life I finde:
If ſleepe the figure be, of death as moſte men ſaie,
Come quickly death O death, and cloſe myne eyes in claie.

Finis.

A fancie as an anſwere to that dreame.

Some feele by dreams more ioye,
then any other waie,
And thoſe doe ſteale ſuche ſporte by nights,
thei care not for the daie:
The ſicke as well as ſounde,
hath ſutche conſaits in breſte,
By ſlombring ſlepes, and ſweuons ſweete,
thei dreame thei haue ſome reſte.
The thirſtie thinks by dreame, he drinks and cool's his heate,
But that I call a cold deuiſe, to quenche a feuer greate:
So loue that liu's with dreams, on fancies foode maie feede,
Yet want as mutche a ſlepe or wake, as thei that ſtarue for neede.
If pleaſure we conceiue, though ſight the ſame doeth growe,
Then waking is the cheefeſt freend, and ſleepe a mortall foe:
The eye muſt firſt be fixt, ere ſenſes feelyng finde,
And ſo in ſleepe ſome watchyng ſpyte, awakes the drouſie minde.
Though body ſeems to ſlepe, and takes his eaſe in bedde,
The vitall vaines are woorkyng ſtill, and ſoule is neuer dedde:
Thus proue I that we wake, when ſleepe beclipps the ghoſte,
And waking witts and ſtirryng blood, doeth comfort nature moſte.
A dreame more life doeth ſhowe, then death or lompiſhe ſlepe,
And by the motion of ſuche dreams, our ſoule and life we kepe:
So graunt I that our ſleepes, a waking Nature haue,
For ſleepe it ſelf is nought but death, as bedde preſents the graue.
Though beaſt is praiſde for ſleepe, yet man hath better moode,
To wake and ſeeke though breathyng breſt, to liue by angels foode:
Then let leude fancie ſlepe, with beaſt and if you pleaſe,
It is the quicke and waking muſe, that moſte my ſence doeth eaſe.

Finis.

¶ A fantasie on fifteene woordes, endyng all in one letter.

IF freendship faint or Fortune faile,
and flood forsakes to flowe,
Yet call for hope to hoise vp saile,
a gale of winde maie blowe:
When sorrowe comes and sighes encreasle,
with wicked worldly woe,
Beleue the beste of badde mischaunce,
and ease thy burthen soe.
The child that neuer felt the rodde, maie out of order goe,
The horse that can no bridell bide, no pace nor traine will showe:
Tis better freend reforme thy fauts, then take rebuke of foe,
The wood þ breaks whē it should bend, will neuer make good bowe.
That hart is weake which for small greef, cōsums & melts like snow,
The rose nor flowre is nere the worse, that doeth nere nettell growe:
A man maie suffer mutche in harte, though shooe doe nipp his toe,
A quiet man maie liue full long, that dwells in house with shroe.
The Faucon flies a stately gate, in spite of carraine Crowe,
Some maks a merry gladsome chere, yet feles great care ye knowe
Some haue a sadde and heauie minde, and walks as light as Doe.
Thus sutche as beare a patient brest, doe conquere that thei craue,
And those that striu's against the stream, shall seldome pleasure haue.

Finis.

¶ Of the strong and the weake.

THe weakest goes to wall,
who wanteth freends must faste,
Thei saie the strongest will haue all,
would God that worlde were paste:
For feeble force I haue,
with worlde to tugge and toile,
And lackyng tooles to poule and shaue, I yeld me to the spoile.
Of those that spares no sleight, nor witte to winne their will,
Who seems to make the crooked streight, yet liu's by sleecyng still:

Churchyardes Chance.

The weake hath feble knees, to clime the clouds ye knowe,
The strong takes home from the Bees, and seru's his fancie soe.
The strong and mightie flood, sweeps all before hym cleane,
And tourns vp drosse bothe sande and mudde, and keepes no kinde of (meane:
A sillie shallowe streame, can doe but little boote,
It neither breaks doune massie banks, nor tears vp trees by roote.
The weake is vanquisht still, the strong will victor bee,
The strong with weake, nor weake wt strong, will neuer well agree:
When sound and sicke doe like, and colde and heate are one,
Or mosse & mucke for might & maine, maie matche wt marble stone
Then strong and weake shall ioyne, till then saie naie who shall,
The strong will triumphe on the weake, & weake shall goe to wall.

FINIS.

¶ Of Youth and Age.

Full dearely haue I bought,
the yeres that youth hath spent,
The longer life the more vnrest,
and still the lesse content:
To see that I haue seen, and bee a child againe,
I would not wishe this worlde to winne,
to liue and passe sutche paine.
To skipp from age to youth, who had sutche scope and choice,
Perchaunce he would be yong to chuse, and in thesame reioyce:
For children careless liue, and fears not Fortunes fall,
When men doe dread eche poffe of winde, yea though the storme bee
But sure a wearie race, these children haue to ronne, (small,
And many sorrowes shall thei taste, before their course be done.
As in my self the proofe, who can not count his care,
Nor learne the rest that after comes, how thei shall shon the snare:
The wilfull will not learne, thei saie that knowes the arte,
Till his own rod hath made hym smart, & youth hath plaied his part.
The tales of trauled men, are helde for fained lyes,
Untill the straungnesse of their toile, bee seen before our eyes:
Then trie that liste to tread, the trace of youths desire,
And thei that feeles the flames to hott, I knowe will feare the fire.

I wiſhe them well to ſpeede, that will kutche kaucies cheape,
And God thē grant when age doeth come, ſome better coyne to reape
Then I whoſe youth conſumes, with wearie wanton waies,
That hath but labour for my fruite, and dumpiſhe doleſull daies:
Loe theſe are all the ioyes, that from our birthe we haue,
The worlde to toſſe the tyme to ſpende, the yearth to be our graue.

FINIS.

Of the ſhort eſtate of man.

MY reſtleſſe life, hath reapt that woe hath ſowne,
The daies toymoile brings home but bitter ſmarte:
I liue with wolues, in ſauage woodds vnknowne,
Where Tigers whelpes, do feede on harmles hart
O cage of care, wherein no birde can ſyng,
But dolefull tunes, that maie no Muſicke ſhowe:
And though eche man, knowes well where greef doeth wryng,
Yet can no life, diſcharge it ſelf of woe.
Then Hell is here, finde Heauen where you can,
In bamſht bliſſe, our bodies wander ſtill:
And out of breathe, ronnes wretched ſpyte of man,
Beguilde by hope, and gaddyng greedy will.
Thus life is death, and death is moſte deſir'd:
Where labryng mynde, with wearie life is tir'd.

FINIS.

The praiſe of miſtres Mabell Browne, wherein vertue is honoured.

IF I were Judge, or had the choyce,
Of collours faire, to chuſe the beſte:
Unto the Browne, I giue my voyce,
As pearle of price, aboue the reſte.
If men doe aſke, the cauſe and why,
I praiſe the Browne, before the White:
I ſaie what thyng, contents the eye,
The harte therein, hath his delite.

Churchyardes Chance.

The Browne or Blacke, doe seldome chaunge,
Thei still present, a sober grace:
The White and Redde, are light and straunge
Whose collours fade, and fall a pace.
The Browne is kept, from blott and staine,
When White will soile, by diuers waies:
The Skarlet beares, no better graine,
Then doeth the Browne, that I doe praise.

The whitest marke, is ofte desierd,
The faireſt flowre, rests nere vnsmeld:
The Browne is, of fewe requierd,
The darkest dye, is worne but seld.
By whiche I proue, the thyng moste vse,
Through many hands, maie be infecte:
Wherefore I maie, be well escuse,
To praise the Browne, without suspecte.

Although the Lillie be full faire,
The sent and taste, is not so pure:
The pleasant clouds, within the aire,
Doe often hide, a stormie showre.
What Apple hath so sweete a taste,
As hath the Pippin Blacke and Browne:
Wherefore this collour I haue plaste,
Of worthie fame, to weare the croune. *FINIS.*

Of wandryng and gaddyng abroad.

DRawe home betyme, ere Youth take leaue
and Age vpon thee growes,
And doe not thou thy self deceiue,
with hope of worldly showes:
Whose pōpe doeth nought but please thine eyes
with that thou canst not haue,
And carries the like cloude in Skyes,
to that should be thy slaue.

What

What seest thou foole in princely hauls, that maie a poore man eas,
Whose state is toste with tennis balls, and turns with winde & seas:
He courts some while that cart doeth driue, ere many yeres run out,
And thei that moste for Fortune striue, doe liue in furthest dout.
A thriftlesse sonne enioyes their store, and therewith serues his lust,
When those are gone that sweate therefore, and troden in the dust:
What profite bryngs thy wearie bones, of vncouth sights abrode,
It wears but feete vpon the stones, and doeth the conscience lode.
Ten thousande yeres heape vp in hedde, and all therein hath paste,
And marke eche thing is doen and sedd, and waie the same at last:
And thou shalt see it breaks but braine, and breeds but greef in brest,
Thus trauaill nedes must lose his paine, when home must be thy rest.
The harte desires the eye doeth craue, a sight of all thyngs don,
When proofe thereof a man shall haue, what hath our trauaill won:
A triumphe but a pagent seems, when paste is all the sho,
All other thyngs that man esteemes, man lothes at length also:
Therefore thou pilgrime too and fro, take vp thy trusse in haste,
For tyme & al things here I knowe, with thee will weare and waste.

FINIS.

Of faire thynges and foule, where in a vertuous Ladie is sette out.

SO God bestowde his grace,
on thee through heauenly skill,
By comely shape and forme of face,
and worldly wealthe at will:
So people doe suppose,
(that beares an vpright minde,)
Amid thy noble inward breast,
dame Vertues giftes are shrinde.
For God makes nothyng lame, his woorks so perfite bee,
That hidden graces aunswers oft, the outward shape we see:
The ritche and precious pearle, that shines to sight ye knowe,
Haue many vertues in the same, besides the outward showe.
The goodly glistryng gold, hath Nature to restore,
Some peece of healthy sickenesse brought, by greef consumde before:

Churchyardes Chance.

The flowre whose beautie faire, delites the eye full well,
Is frend by kinde to mens sweete, and sharps our sence by smell.
The ground that smothly lookes, bears fruits and herbs enowe,
And yeelds the Idle Landlorde rent, and feeds the household thowe:
Thus from faire things I proue, some goodnesse men maie reape,
And where that beautie budds & bloums, doeth bountie hoord & heape
Els all this goodly worlde, is but like painted poste,
Or as a picture dombe and dedde, that hath ne spirite nor ghost.
If *Phebus* wanted heate, and did no grace retaine,
For all his beames and glorie greate, he should but shine in vaine:
I doubt not but the Gods, hath furnisht you so well,
That life and good renowme can showe, where vertue ought to dwel
My penne but mou's your minde, of that ye like to here,
A iewell that the Gods embrace, and worlde doeth holde full dere:
A Lampe that long shall laste, whose light shall nere goe out,
But burne & blase as bright as torche, whiles breath ye beare about.
If people did but note, what doeth by vertue rises,
The meanest wight w wings of fame, would seke to mount ꝑ skies:
Or followe them whose stepps, doeth erst good gift aduaunce,
Thei know full well what measure means, that leads dame vertues
I leaue you to the rounde, holde on the trace a while, (daunce,
And as the bell beginns to sound, at *Churchyards* verses smile.

Finis.

Of an enemie.

NO simple mynde maie thriue a daie,
The suttell Snakes seeks out suche sleight:
Then looke thou arme thy self I saie,
With face of Brasse, the feelde to feight.
And neuer yeeld, the race to ronne,
Till courage hath the conquest wonne.

Suspecte the worste, and woorke the beste,
And sharpe thy witts, to sheeld the harme:
And seeke the Serpents in their neste,
Although in hols, the Adders swarme.

When

When craft is curbde with cunnyng skill,
A simple minde shall haue his will.

Finis.

Written in the beginnyng of Kyng Edwardes raigne, whiche verses are called Dauie Dicars Dreame.

Hen faithe in freendes beare fruite,
and foolishe fancies fade,
And craftie catchers come to nought,
and hate greate loue hath made:
When fraude flieth farre from toume,
and loitrers leaue the feelde,
And rude shall runne a rightfull race,
and all men be well wilde.
When gropers after gaine, shall carpe for common wealthe,
And wilie woorkers shall disdaine, to figge and liue by stealthe:
When wisedome walkes a loft, and follie sitts full lowe,
And vertue vanquishe pampred vice, and grace beginns to growe.
When Justice ioynes to truthe, and Lawe lookes not to meede,
And bribes helpe not to builde faire bowrs, nor giftes greate glottõs (feede:
When honger hides his heedde, and plentie please the poore,
And niggards to the needie men, shall neuer shut their doore.
When double darke deceipt, is out of credite worne,
And faunyng speeche is falshed founde, and craft is laught to scorne:
When Pride whiche pickes the purse, gapes not for garments gaie,
Nor Iauels weare no veluet wedes, nor wãdring witts beare swaie.
When ritches wrongs no right, nor power poore put backe,
Nor couetous creepes not into Court, nor learned liuyng lacke:
When slipper sleights are seen, and farre fetches be founde,
And priuate profite and self loue, shall bothe be put in pounde.
When debt no Sergeant dreeds, and Courtiers credite keepe,
And might mells not wt Merchandise, nor lordes shall sell no sheepe:
When lucre lasts not long, and hourd greate heaps doth hate,
And euery wight is well content, to walke in his estate.

When

Churchyardes Chance.

When truthe doeth tread the streats, and liers lurke in den,
And *Rex* doeth raigne and rule the rost, and weeds out wicked men:
Then balefull barnes be blithe, that here in Englande wone,
Your strife shall stint I undertake, your dreadfull daies are done.

FINIS.

Here endeth the booke called Churchyardes *Chance*, and beginneth an other booke named his *Charge*: and so in one volume shall followe, his *Choice*, his *Chippes*, and all the rest of his bookes that here tofore hath bin sette out, and written by *Churchyarde*, sauyng a booke of *Meta incognita*, and some other small volumes, whiche can not be bound in quarto, yet hereafter (by Gods grace) shalbe sette out in a large volume. Where twoo thousande wonders shalbe treated of, with a rehearsall of warres and seruices, dooen in this our present age: whiche booke shalbe called Churchyardes *Chalenge*, dedicated to the noble Earle of Oxforde. All whiche woorkes (God willyng) shall come forthe with as muche spæde as possible can be made: requiryng the readers thereof, in consideration of the Authours greate studie and paines, to yeeld hym suche good reporte, as his good will deserueth.

Finis.